

L E T T E R S

OF THE LATE

THOMAS RUNDLE, L.L.D.

TO

MRS. BARBARA SANDYS.

VOL. II.



L E T T E R S
OF THE LATE
THOMAS RUNDLE, L.L. D.

Lord Bishop of Derry, in Ireland,
TO
MRS. BARBARA SANDYS,
OF MISERDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
WITH
INTRODUCTORY MEMOIRS,
BY
JAMES DALLAWAY, M. A.
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

V O L. II.

RUNDLE has a Heart POPE's Dial. 2. l. 72.

— Though from native Sunshine driven,
Driven from your Friends, the Sunshine of the Soul,
By slanderous Zeal, and Politicks infirm,
Jealous of Worth.

THOMSON'S Poem to the Memory of Lord TALBOT.

G L O C E S T E R:
P R I N T E D B Y R. RAIKES;
F O R T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND, LONDON:
A N D S O L D B Y T H E B O O K SELLERS IN BATH, GLOUCESTER, &c.
M.DCC.LXXXIX.

СИЯНИЕ ЧАСТИ

ДИАЛЮМЕНТЫ

СОВЕРШЕННЫЕ

СИЯНИЕ ЧАСТИ

ДИАЛЮМЕНТЫ

СОВЕРШЕННЫЕ



407. II

СИЯНИЕ ЧАСТИ
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СОВЕРШЕННЫЕ

LETTERS
OF
Dr. THOMAS RUNDLE,
LORD BISHOP OF DERRY.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

March, 1718-19.

MY Lord having done me the honour to command me to write

* Dr. WILLIAM TALBOT, then Bishop of *Salisbury*, with whom Dr. RUNDLE lived as domestic chaplain;—was appointed Dean of *Worcester* in 1691, promoted to the See of *Oxford* in 1699, translated to *Sarum* in 1715, and to *Durham* in 1722. He died Oct. 13, 1730.

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to you an account of the *Meteor**, I comply with a great deal of pleasure; tho' I wish it had been on a subject where I could have given you more entertainment; for I am able to send you so little satisfaction in this, that you will never desire any more of my uncertain philosophy.

From the best observations I can meet with, it appears to have been 39 miles high, where the air is 3000 times thinner than that in which we breathe. The diameter of the ball was about a mile and a half. It moved 2000 miles in a minute. The line of its motion

* A remarkable Meteor was seen March 6, 1715-16. WHISTON published his account of it 1716. See Life, p. 280. This appeared March 18, 1718-19.

was over *Ludlow*, *Monmouth*, *Exeter*, and a little east of *Plymouth*. Its course South West. Its length is determined by the observations of some astronomers, who accurately observed it at *Worcester* and *Exeter*, and in *Cornwall*; who nicely remarked the distance of time between the seeing of the light, and the sound that they heard after it; and these their observations are coincident with each other, tho' taken at such distances; and its apparent nearness to the horizon, to those who saw it at *Cleve* in *Germany*, 500 miles from the place where it was perpendicular, agrees well with the same height in the atmosphere.

If those facts are true, as I believe they are, it must be of the same nature with lightning, only vastly thinner, and

more in quantity. In every storm of thunder, there is a ball of fire which bursts, and by bursting rattles in the clouds. What we call lightning is only the shine of the ball thro' the clouds. This seldom is more than half a yard in thickness ; and yet the noise that little explosion makes, is terrible, and it destroys every thing that is in its way. The air being generally thinner, and less resisting its force above than beneath it, it usually mounts upwards ; though thick clouds being sometimes gathered there, have dreadfully turned its course towards the earth, or shot it sideways ; and it always carries ruin on its wings. But such a little ball, up in the air of 40 miles altitude, would have only whispered when it went off, and not been heard at any distance. But tho' that could

could not have made any other figure there, than that of a falling star, yet the explosion of such an immense mass as what I mentioned, with such swiftness, must give an incredible shock to the air, and have been heard further than the largest mortars, and some of those have been heard 80 miles. It appears from the inflammability, and the vast expansion of nitre, that their parts are exceedingly volatile and thin; and therefore the last hot summer, they may have been lifted up to the top of the atmosphere, where, gathering by degrees, and fermenting by time, like new hay, they burst into a flame. The flowers of sulphur and filings of steel, mixed into a paste with water, and tied up in brown paper, will by degrees grow hot, and at last burn the paper.

This is the best account that I can give you of it. They are not uncommon. I have read of five or six since the year 1700, that have been taken notice of; and probably many more have fallen at midnight unobserved; unless we imagine that some sleepless fellow, gazing at his window, has been frightened with such a midnight day, and called it, among his timorous believing neighbours, an apparition. What would have been the consequence of its falling on a city, and how exact the appearance would have answered to the history of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, looks too much like preaching to describe. But not to dissemble, Dr. HALLEY, who has a great authority in philosophy, asserts, that it was 100 miles high; but if so, it could never arise from the earth,

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or be there supported in that infinite rareness of the atmosphere. I judge he must be mistaken; but if we are so, I fancy he will never satisfy any person with a solution of its nature.

To make you amends, Madam, for this tedious philosophy, I will add a piece of good news, that the French have destroyed six new-built Spanish ships at *Fort Passage*, in *Biscay*, and seized their magazine, and materials for 20 more; and are now besieging *Fontarabia*. This delights us the more, because it convinces our timorous diffident politicians, that the Regent is in earnest; and that his men will fight against *Spain*, and their hereditary PHILIP. This makes us gay, notwithstanding the account we have this morning

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received, that 2000 *Spaniards* are landed to be starved in *Scotland*; such an insolent invasion, that thinks it so mean as to be conquered by men not enough to attack a village. I hope it will admonish our Ministers to return the visit to the Cardinal *, and make a bonfire of half a dozen towns, to rejoice and welcome us to *Spain*.

I have been out of town for some time, or I would have sent you the celebrated *Busiris* †; but it is my

* Cardinal ALBERONI, who projected the conquest of the *Ottoman Empire* in *Europe*, and the partition of it between the Catholic powers, who were to be allied for that purpose.

† A Tragedy by Dr. YOUNG, acted at *Drury-Lane*, 1719. It was printed, and inscribed to the Duke of NEWCASTLE. JOHNSON's Lives, vol. IV. p. 375.

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misfortune not to agree with the town in their applause of it. Mr. PRIOR's Poems are also published in folio. I read them with the greatest expectation; but I confess I think the sprightly runnings of his genius were drawn off in his first volume, and what we now pay so dear for, is only palled wine. We shall have the volume at *Salisbury*; and I fancy you will not be impatient to see it till that time, when you have promised to make our family happy in your company.

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

L E T-

LETTER II.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

London.

YESTERDAY a servant that had formerly lived with you, brought me a letter, which ordered me to deliver him the dog. A woman came with him, who, I find, was to be the bearer. She concealed her iniquity till she got *Captain* into her hands, but then began to talk treason in such an horrible manner, that I profess I am afraid she will corrupt his principles, and insinuate her own spleen and malice into the poor creature; and I should be unwilling that even a four-legged favourite, belonging to

to your family, should be a *Jacobite*. A spaniel, indeed, might be permitted to take on him the servile fawning character, and kiss the surly hand that whips him ; but the spirit and morose honesty of the *Dutch*, from whence this spark is descended, would appear very awkwardly in the habit of a *Tory* ; but this I dare answer, that his fire and dam have all the fire of resistance in them, that belongs to the boldest of their country ; and if this is a poor tame fool, it is wholly owing to ill company, and the hands into which you have ordered me to intrust him.

I am sorry I could not get for you a whole set of *Theatres* ; the very best are wanting. The demand for them was so great, that even his fiercest enemies
bought

bought them up, and enjoyed the author, while they persecute the man. The Plays, though neither excellent, yet will divert a dull hour in the country; and may be esteemed as tolerable as any that have appeared these last seven years. But that is but a poor compliment to be made them; for, in this midnight of dramatic wit, a thing that shines no brighter than a glow worm, will call our eyes to it, and amuse a spectator. Tho' Sir R. STEELE is not permitted to act his play, yet he is resolved to entertain us every way he can; and his favourite, Sir JOHN EDGAR*,

is

* Sir JOHN EDGAR was the name assumed by Sir RICHARD STEELE in writing *The Theatre*. These papers are about to be collected and re-published by Mr. NICHOLS. They were began in

January

is to be published very quickly: if while I am in *London*, I'll take care to send it; if not, Knapton shall have orders to do it.

There is a volume of Sermons of Dr. JOHN CLARKE* published, which will please you; and I'll take care that it shall be sent; for the study of philosophical theology, and the noble volume of the creation, I know, is part of that rational devotion that you pay the GREAT BEING; and think that having your heart filled with admiration and real warm affection, while you survey

January 1719-20, and continued every Thursday and Saturday till the 5th of April following, during which his patent was revoked by the King.

* Brother of Dr. SAMUEL CLARKE, Dean of Sarum.

those

those scenes of wisdom and goodness, is more true praise, than a repetition of the most rapturous form of thanksgiving, that a manual can afford you, which is comparatively cool. You can read over your limbs and sences into a hymn of gratitude, and meditate on a meadow in the spring, or an evening sky, till you acquaint yourself with GOD. Thus much for authors.

My Lord is well. The country was of so great service to him, that next week he designs for *Salisbury* for the whole summer, where we hope that his health will be confirmed. I will not venture to write news to you, for I would willingly have my letter please you; and I know no politicks that can be pleasing to any person who is not a
deep

deep adventurer in the *South Sea*. The ladies at the last fall of the stocks were greatly perplexed ; and it is said, that about twenty of them fainted away in one room (which, near the Alley, is reserved for them) at the fall of twenty per cent. But when they excluded all mankind from that noisy chamber, they fortunately excepted brokers ; and Dr. SHADWELL *, the complaisant physician, seeing this distress of his patronesses, bled the whole assembly round, and recovered their roses to their cheeks ; though, alas, not the money to their pockets ; but by this time they are restored to their full hopes ; and *Spleen*, which had spread her wings of sadness

* Sir JOHN SHADWELL, M. D. was the son of THOMAS SHADWELL, Poet Laureat. He died Jan. 4, 1747.

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over the whole chamber, is fled: not a sigh is heard; the fans flutter again with spirit, and each fair broker, who was in doleful apprehension of losing her money, and consequently her lovers, throws aside her humility, and plays the tyrant with the insolence of beauty heightened by fortune.

L E T-

LETTER III.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

March 24, 1719-20.

MY Lord being very much indisposed himself, commanded me to return you his thanks for your letter; chusing rather to give you the uneasiness of hearing that he is out of order, than let you entertain a suspicion, that he can be forgetful of the favour of your last to him. His illness is a fever on the spirits; great enough to frighten all that are about him, rather than dangerous to himself. We shall be excused for our greatest fears, by all who, like you, know the value of his amiable life;

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all that have the honour and happiness
to converse with him.

Since he has employed me to write
to you, I will indulge myself in the
pleasure of sending you down the gay
news of the town; leaving politicks
and stock-jobbing alone, the one too
uneasy, and the other too slovenly and
mean a subject, to entertain a lady who
loves her country, and has a relish for
higher satisfactions, than the commerce
in our *English Mississippi*, which now hath
thrust wit and state-affairs out of con-
versation*. Our play-house is put un-
der the greatest discouragement that can

* These innovations were opposed by the wits,
and were the occasion of the *Beggar's Opera*, falsely
considered as a political satire. See JOHNSON'S
Lives, vol. III p. 130

possibly

possibly be, to encourage the facetious lewdness of a company of *French* strolling mountebanks*, who are in high reputation at the theatre in the *Haymarket*, among all people who are above being entertained by nature and art, or in other words, old SHAKESPEAR at *Drury-lane*.

To vary the pleasure of our gentlemen of this new taste, a subscription of great value is made†, to call over *Italian* singers; for though their mind is incapable of being diverted, yet they are generous for the promotion of every

* At this period, and afterwards, a company of *French* comedians performed both in *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, and the *Haymarket* Theatres.

† This subscription amounted to 50,000l. His Majesty GEORGE I. patronized it, and HANDEL was appointed the director. See HAWKINS's *History of Music*, vol. V. p. 273.

pleasure of their senses. It is said a most excellent comedy of Sir RICHARD STEELE's * is to be prohibited acting, least it should draw away good company, and spoil the relish for operas, by seducing them with sense, wit, and humour: nay, the report is, that our love for foreign performances is so high, that a subscription is on foot to procure the *Dutch* players to come hither, and act, in their clumsy way, their Scripture dramas, and divert *England*, as they do their own country, with the most solemn and sacred distress that ever was, mingled with the merry humours of JUDAS ISCARIOT. With what delight must our slim beaus see a greasy *Dutch* Angel descend by a cable-rope to represent the

* Conjectured to have been the *Conscious Lovers*.

Salutation,

Salutation, and the humble VIRGIN thanking Minheer GABRIEL for his civility. But I hope the House of Lords, who are now debating about the way to prevent blasphemy, will prohibit the *Dutch* burlesque from appearing among us, that at least we may have nothing worse than nonsense and suspension of thought in our diversions.

To compleat the triumph of these newly arrived entertainments, our best players are in despair of company; and having the fear of starving before their eyes, are resolved to try, whether the love of novelty, and what they do not understand, prevails in other countries as much as it doth in our own; and, therefore, they are going this summer into *France*, to barter our sterling poets for their tum-

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blers, and the improving grimaces of Harlequin.

Sir R. STEELE publishes twice a week a new paper, called *The Theatre**, written in the spirit of the old *Tatlers*; tho' it is pretty hard for a man to keep up a spirit in distress.

The *Siege of Damascus*, which I suppose you have seen, is a play, though very full of faults, yet to be esteemed for its many beauties, and the honour and propriety of its sentiments; and shews that we have lost an excellent ge-

* The fifteenth of these essays is dedicated to the memory of Mr. HUGHES, and contains a decent and deserved panegyric. He died Feb. 17, 1719-20, on the first evening of the representation of the *Siege of Damascus*.

nious in Mr. HUGHES, tho' he was not yet come to his maturity of fine writing.

The Dog will be soon sent you; but possibly in another year you will have one much handsomer. I can scarcely hope, Madam, that you will excuse me giving you the trouble of reading this long letter; for I am conscious that I am too great a sloven in my writing, to be admitted for a correspondent by a lady; but if that fault should be overlooked, I should be proud if my Lord would often give me an opportunity of subcribing myself,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

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P. S.

P. S. My being prevented sending you this last post, when it was written, gives me an opportunity of telling you, that my Lord is much better, and desires soon to take a little country air.

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LETTER IV.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1720.

I AM very glad I am able to give you the pleasure of hearing that my Lord got safe to *Salisbury*, and has found such benefit by air and exercise, that, if he returns to morrow, he will bring health and chearfulness along with him.

The ancients should have made **DIANA** the Goddess of Health, as well as of the Chase, which would have admonished the he-valitudinarians at least, to pay their vows to the female physician, instead of the nauseous old deity **ÆSCULAPIUS**, who was painted disagreeable to represent his odious

odious draughts of ever-failing medicine, while the Goddess is represented in perpetual youth, to shew the sprightly vigour that is given by exercise; at least with us, the silver CYNTHIA shall receive this new honour, since she is always so kind as to recover the person from all his distempers*, whose welfare is so dear and tender to us. I will take care to get papers for you, and any other books that can divert you. Our Printers, considering the strange nature given by MILTON to spirits, of extending themselves into

* One of the ancient privileges annexed to the mitre, was to hunt in any of the King's forests or parks. WOOD records of Bishop JUXTON, that during the interregnum, he retired to his manor of *Little Compton*, in the county of *Glocester*, and "now and then rode a hunting for health's sake with some of the neighbouring and loyal gentry." ATHENÆ,
vol. 2. p. 662.

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the majesty of a gigantick stature ; and again closing themselves up into the minuteness of a microscopical animal, have imitated this power by the magick of their press, and for a lady's library, where (as the Devils in *Pandæmonium*) books make a splendid shew in their robes of scarlet, enflowered with gold ; they can swell a few poems into a magnificent folio. And to accompany her in her walks amidst the gay meadows in the spring, they contract them into pocket volumes and sell an **HOMER** in a nut-shell ; thus **POPE**'s Poems, **PRIOR**'s Miscellanies, the English **HOMER**, and **OVID**'s Metamorphosis, may be had of editions that cost, the one as many guineas as the other shillings ; but whether you have, or desire, any of these, I know not.

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As for our theology, it is so inimitably ;—but I am a Divine, and being a party concerned, all the applause I can give it, will be justly esteemed interested ; and therefore I will refer you to some more unprejudiced correspondent to represent it as it deserves. As for politicks, it is fully to be comprehended in this one noble word, *money-getting*. There is no conversation at present, but about *South Sea Stock*, which is already mounted up to between 300 or 400 per cent. and it is confidently reported, that in a few days it will be above 500, if the Parliament passes (without loading it) the bill, now depending, in their favour ; and if that should be so, their 42 millions capital stock will become more than 200 millions, which, at 20 years purchase, would buy all the estates in

England ;

England; if the land-tax can be depended on for the value of them. The consequence of such a power lodged in money-jobbers' hands, is not to be reflected on without a concern not easy to be represented on paper.

I am told, that at this time the whole traffick of '*Change-Alley*' is carried on by the Members of both Houses; but if I saw them actually doing it myself, I would disbelieve my own eyes, rather than imagine our Senators could condescend to an act, to bribe their own selves, and become both judges and parties in a cause, now depending before them (so implicit a good subject do I profess myself to be). If you ask the zealous votaries of this new *DIANA*, what value there is in their stocks, to make

make them rise to this great height, they declare, that Reason is an utter enemy to the sacred mysteries of jobbing ; and that whoever is so conceited, as to follow that pragmatical guide, and enquire and explain them to himself, will lose all prospect of reward, and be consigned over to the lamentable punishment of poverty, for his presumptuous cowardice and wisdom. ‘ Trust your money,’ say they, ‘ as *Papists* do their souls, to the guides in this craft with credulity, and you will not fail to enjoy the only crown of glory they desire, a golden one.’

The Regent has sent over 200,000*l.* as a sacrifice to the image of his beast that we have set up : but perhaps *France* may be glad to puff us up in the pride of

of prosperity, till it can make our hearts ache. In DRYDEN's *Cock and the Fox*, when the two-legged songster stretched his sonorous throat in the pride that flattery had filled his little heart with, false *Reynard* snatched the opportunity, grasped him in his jaws, and run away with him: so ——— but I hate the application of a simile.

Thus you see, Madam, I have presumed on your good nature, and teased you with an unfashionable long letter. So vain a creature is man, that the smallest complaisance warms his presumption: and because you have the goodness to forgive one fault, I could not forbear provoking you with a greater. But though there is nothing entertaining in what I can write, to excuse the imper-

impertinence, yet I hope its proceeding from a desire to please you, will make you willing to accept even Trifles from,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T.

LETTER V.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

MY Lord has commanded me to write to you. He hath the most melancholy excuse for not doing it himself, that ever a poor father had. He hath lost his second son, the clergyman*, who was the delight and honour of his father, and beloved by all mankind. I have lost a friend, in whom I had placed

* EDWARD TALBOT, Archdeacon of Berks, to whose friendship Dr. RUNDLE owed his introduction to the family, and consequent promotion. He died 1720. Very honourable mention is made of him in the Life of Archbishop SECKER, by Drs. PORTEOUS and STINTON, published in 1770.

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all the comfort and happiness of my life. I never had a thought of pleasure, to which his company and conversation did not contribute the greatest and most amiable part. He gave a relish to all my expectations. Perhaps there may have been many superior to him in learning; some few his equals in abilities, who have had the same accuracy of judgment, the same discernment, the same clearness of thought; but what a divine world would this be, were there any numbers that had his sweetness of temper, his sincerity, his love for virtue! He loved nothing else!—The whole ambition of his life was to make others happy: he valued his abilities only as they could contribute to that God-like end. His conversation had as much spirit and wit, joined with as much

much right sense and instruction, as ever, when single, made men desired for their company: yet he valued these in himself, not as they made him beloved and praised by all, but his own share of the satisfaction arose from the thought that he entertained others, not from any superiority over others on that account. My heart is full of affection for him. Nothing can be said equal to his merit; or can I express my grief for his loss. We lived together ten years in the most tender and endeared friendship. When in the same place, our souls were open to each other in conversation; we thought aloud. When absent, our letters were the pictures of our souls, and every post we conversed. I had no pleasure but what his friendship gave me.

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I beg

I beg pardon, Madam, for my talking so much of my own self and my sorrows, when I should be begging your assistance by a kind letter, to comfort my poor Lord. So much, perhaps, you may learn from this letter, that I am unable to do it myself; and therefore it may induce you to hasten your charity. I put on a forced easiness and chearfulness when in his company, and make my looks belie my heart; but when I retire, I am glad to indulge my grief. I loved him; I think all that knew me will say that I loved nothing else. But I must beg your excuse, Madam, that I should let my concern overflow, when I ought to be entertaining you; but I am sure you are sensible of the pleasure of friendship, and can forgive rudenesses which

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are caused by such a virtue. It is the only virtue that I can boast my heart was sincerely full of.

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

Dec. 1728.

I SEND you now, at last, the *Serpents*, which ought to have been with you long since; but being willing that you should have them in greater perfection than I could draw them myself, I deferred it till I had this opportunity of having them sketched out by a great master. I confess it was a vanity in me to be unwilling to have my wretched drawing seen; but the fault hath been, as faults always are, severely punished by itself in depriving me so long of the pleasure of writing to you. I do not forget your other commands;

mands ; and the works of Lord SHAFTSBURY, and CHAMBERS's *Dictionary*, shall be sent to you as soon as I can get them bound. There is a formal answer to that noble Lord just published by the author of, and under the name of a second part of the *Fable of the Bees* *, who hath tried to dress up the uncomfortable scheme of HOBBS in wit and humour to make it palatable. It seems the *Peer* hath misrepresented human nature, and endeavoured to shew, that unpolluted by ill education and bad habits, we were formed with inclinations to virtue : that the self-denial, which religion required, was only a restraint of those bad desires, which irregularity, and the indulgence of

* CHAMBERS's *Dictionary* was published late in 1727. The second part of the *Fable of the Bees*, by Dr. MANDEVILLE, in Dec. 1728.

unexamined pleasures, had made dear to us ; but not rooting up any of those original and genuine affections implanted by him who made us. But this scheme, forsooth, is nothing but the offspring of vanity and ease ; God made us naturally (we are taught) unsocial, and inflamed our hearts with most extravagant passions ; *pride, selfishness, domineering, revenge, envy, malice*, and the whole sisterhood of furies, had, by the author of nature, their abode assigned them in the human breast ; and it was wise (sad wisdom) to make us such wretches to carry on the scheme of providence : that virtue consists in destroying these monsters formed by the hand of Heaven ! what, Sir, is virtue undoing that, which was wise in God to implant in our natures ? If the affairs of this world cannot be managed

naged unless he had tinctured our temper with this bent to what is ill; can it be duty and commendable, to act against his intention, and be wiser than his wisdom? You say, vanity is the source of almost all human actions, and you rightly explain it to consist in a desire of being esteemed by others. Very well, Sir, if I am not made social by nature, how comes it that the esteem of others is so dear to me? cannot I even surfeit my five senses as well, if they have an ill, as if they have a great opinion of me? You acknowledge that this pride, as you call it often, is superior to the strongest affections, and able to extinguish the love of life itself; is it not the very social tie, therefore, you are writing against? and doth not this argument, which you bring so pompously to destroy the foundation of virtue in our

nature,

nature, turn, as the elephants did of old, and trample down the friends that brought them to the war ? I would ask him these few questions, had I the misfortune to meet one of those who glory in having an unfriendly heart; though, I doubt not, but they themselves belie their own feeling, and are more humane and worthy than they fancy themselves; but the great quarrel I have against this writer is, that he sets out as a defender of Christianity against the *beathan virtue* as he calls it, of Lord SHAFTSBURY. He represents God, as filling the world himself, with monsters, and then getting an HERCULES to destroy them, as JOHN DRYDEN doth his JUPITER ; but nothing can be so injurious to our religion, as to build it on a foundation that doth such dishonour to the Creator. It is true, Lord SHAFTSB-

BURY

BURY, from not understanding our religion, had prejudices against it; and wretched theologers had described it in so unlovely figures, that he could not believe any evidence which was produced, to prove that to be beautiful and divine, which he shuddered at. But woe to those, by whom such offences come!

Christianity is so amiable in itself, that what PLATO says of Virtue, is true of it; that if it is beheld in its native charms, every man would be in love with it. But CALVIN, and such writers, dress up our religion as persecutors did the old Christians, in disguise of monsters; and then it is no wonder if others fall upon, and endeavour to tear it to pieces. But if the mask was taken off

off, all would reverence and love the light which would irradiate from it.

It is true that Lord SHAFTSBURY was betrayed into infidelity, which prejudices numbers against his excellent discourses on virtue: but his discourse on Virtue affords such proofs of the truth of Christianity, as he would have submitted to, had they been pointed out to him. He had also the misfortune to live before the philosophy of *Person* was generally known; and DES CARTES, whom he unhappily studied, perplexed him with cob-web metaphysics, and made him puzzle himself, though he will not his readers; but notwithstanding his faults, he is a polite and truly an instructive reader. Give me leave to hint at a method of reading him, which

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will throw a light on all he says. In the second Treatise of the second volume, there is a chapter which he calls a *Philosophical Sermon*; that should first be carefully read, and fully understood, which leads one to study next the *Inquiry*, which is the first treatise in the second volume; and then the whole treatise following, it will greatly entertain. After them, the last in the first volume, then the second, and then the first treatise. It was right for him to place them in the order in which they appear; but this is a clew that leads with ease thro' the artful difficulties, with which he rightly guarded his discourses. He was resolved not to be carelessly read, like a pamphlet. He imposed the duty of thinking, on all who would be rewarded with understanding him.

In

In the spring I flatter myself that I shall be able to pay my respects to you at *Miserden*; and I will amuse you one evening with explaining those hieroglyphic pictures, which contain a summary of each treatise.

Yesterday the Prince received his patent* for the Principality of *Wales*. He is one universally beloved in the town. He hath good sense, and a happy influency in expressing it. He is generous and compassionate; and knows how to familiarize his greatness, and make it more amiable, without making it less

* This circumstance fixes this letter to December 1728. Prince FREDERIC arrived in *London* on the 4th of December, and the next day appeared at *St. James's*. On the 18th he was sworn of the Privy Council, created Prince of *Wales*, and Earl of *Chester*.

awful.

awful. He is sprightly beyond all things; and is above the mean-spirited fulleness that often hath been mistaken for majesty; and he seems to think the way to be beloved, is to shew in reality good qualities, instead of requiring people to believe he hath them, by concealing himself from their knowledge, and demanding a belief of what they do not see. He is sensible this age is not much addicted to receive mysteries; and people will not now make compliments of their understanding to their governors, when they scruple to do it to religion. Popery, in politicks, is as inconsistent with Protestant liberty, as with the Protestant religion. As to his person, he hath a boyish look, rather genteel than handsome. His countenance, not his features, is his beauty; but the light of
good

good sense, and, what is better, good-nature, sparkling and intermingling their brightness in the face, is infinitely more amiable and affecting, than any mixture of colours in a complexion, or any proper proportion of the features. PLATO rightly says, that beauty is only the soul and temper made visible; and if that is true, how delightful is the grace which flows from the social and sweet virtues, speaking aloud the worth of him who is full of them. He is soon to be married to the Princess of *Prussia*, to the joy of the nation, and the security of the maids of honour; for it is said he is naturally amorous, tho' his discretion commands ——but discretion of that kind is an unfashionable treacherous virtue at courts, and not to be depended on: marriage is the only guard; and that is often found there, to be but a weak one. There

There is no talk of the Prince of *Prussia's** taking one of the sisters: on the contrary, it is reported, that he hath designs to marry an Archduchess of the Empire. If so, the Protestant religion will sink in *Germany*; for that alliance cannot be purchased with less price than being a convert. The family of *Saxony*, the first that embraced, first renounced it! and if this should follow, it will be sad indeed! Have the Protestants made so bad use of the light which was bestowed on them, as to deserve the punishment from Providence, of being sunk once more into the blackness and darkness of superstition armed with tyranny! That general and profane indifference to religion, that is so much every where the fashion, foretels

* FREDERIC III. late King of *Prussia*.

little resistance to the attempts of the art and united power of Popery, when it shall again exert itself. The bulk of the people will have religion in their hearts, not in their heads, when they have any at all: and if their zeal against idolatry is quenched, and their regard to public religion weakened by examples of your neighbouring superiors, all that inspired them to withstand Popery, thro' dangers, will be over. For we are all formed (the vulgar more especially) to live by imitation; and if they are seduced to have no love for one religion, they will soon lose all hatred to another. How were the populace animated with a glorious spirit for 40 years together, after the Reformation, against the rattles and play-things with which the Papists think to bring God into humour with them,

and

and make him pardon the neglect of a good life, on the account of such religious flattery; but then the blaze was out, and the fire burnt down by degrees, till now it is so nearly spent, that there is scarcely enough left even to make the world so much as luke-warm.

I beg pardon heartily for these grave
and unepistolary reflections. I hope
hereafter to make amends, and shine in
the ornaments of news and chit-chat;
but at present I am unable, I confess,
so much as to entertain you with an ac-
count that my Lord is extremely well;
for I think he is slightly indisposed, tho'
not so much as to keep him within
doors; but what constitution can sup-
port, unaffected, these sudden changes
of weather. Mrs. TALBOT hath a little

of the gout; but had she not, she could not be well whilst my Lord is troubled with any, even a trifling, disorder. Our friends are still at *Ashdown Park*; but we expect them on Monday. You know how our friends in the North are, from better authority than mine; for dearest KITTY* says, she wrote to you lately.

If, Madam, you have any commands in this place, I shall esteem it a great honour to receive them; and shall receive the greatest pleasure from obeying them; for no one hath a juster value for you, or should be more glad to express it,

than, MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

* Miss CATHERINE TALBOT, only child of the Archdeacon; afterwards singularly eminent for virtue and literature.

L. E. T-

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

March, 1728-29.

I WAS ashamed to thank you for the honour of your letter, till I could assure you that I had executed your commands; and though my bookseller sent me word yesterday, that those, then ordered, were gone from *London*, I would have deferred giving notice, till another post, rather than have written in so great an hurry, unless my Lord had laid his positive commands on me to let you know this very evening, that he is extremely uneasy at not having heard from you for the last month. I beg you, therefore,

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Madam,

Madam, to look on this as a letter from his secretary, and expect that I pay the great debt of civility which I owe you, in a more careful and respectful manner, which I shall most certainly do very soon. But how great soever the hurry is in which I write, I cannot omit telling you the late accident at Court, which is now the subject of all conversation. You have read to be sure the *Beggar's Opera*; the success of it encouraged the poet to write a sequel to it, in which **MACKHEATH** the highwayman is represented as advanced to be the treasurer of a gang of pirates, makes fashionable use of his trust, and is at last pulled to pieces; it is writ with spirit and satire, the wit is new, the humour gay, and the reflections pointed at high life. This alarmed the men in power; it was thought a reflection, or if not

not designed, the party people would apply it; and therefore, it was discreetly forbid being acted; I say discreetly, for who can support the laugh against him? You well know that the *Clouds* of ARISTOPHANES occasioned the death of SOCRATES by its ridicule; and as much an advocate as I am for Ministers, I cannot flatter them so much as to say, they have more innocence and virtue than that Martyr for the religion of nature. This to be sure quite irritated the town; they would have their diversion come what would of it; and tried every way to get the refusal recalled, but in vain. At the head of those solicitors appeared the Dutches of QUEENSBURY; she summoned all her beauty to her aid to support her favourite author GAY, a good natured harmless creature, who meant no mortal injury, no

not a statesman, though others might use, perhaps, his name, to publish their own smartness in disguise. Her patronage was in vain. The play was not ever to be performed. But if not acted, they were resolved to print it; and try by subscriptions to make up his loss of a third day. The same Lady, with charms that never before could beg in vain, intreats every toupee and every patriot or politician for the encouragement of a guinea, and her success was beyond her hope. She solicited the people at Court with all the insolence of a fine face, and solicited not only in the Court, but the very King and Queen themselves*, to contribute to publish

* GAY, in a letter to SWIFT, dated March 18, 1728-29, says, "you may, undoubtedly have heard, that the Duchess took up my defense with the

publish what they had before condemned. This was rightly resented; and the Vice-Chamberlain commanded to forbid her

the King and Queen, in the cause of my play, and that she hath been forbid the Court, for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it, without being acted. The Duke too, hath given up his employment (which he would have done if the Duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the Ministers, but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed with the music, words, and basses, engraved on thirty-one copper plates, which by my friends assistance hath a probability to turn out greatly to my advantage. The Duchess of MARLBOROUGH gave me 100l. for one copy, and others have contributed very handsomely; but as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.*

After a lapse of forty-eight years, Mr. COLMAN, in 1777, produced "Polly" at the *Haymarket Theatre*, where it was acted eight times, and the same Duchess of QUEENSBURY was present at each representation. She survived but a few weeks.

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the Court. He went with unwilling obedience, and performed with utmost civility, the uneasy duty, and with such good-breeding softened the message as to please and oblige, whilst he gave the offence. The Lady in all the haughtiness of conscious beauty, returned an answer, but lest it should be misinterpreted delivered it in writing. She was surprised and pleased at the message to her; she never came to the Court for her own pleasure, but to pay civility to the King and Queen, and she doubted not but such unprecedented a proceeding would soon make the Court as thin as their Majesties seemed to wish it. If none were to appear there but those who would deceive and impose on them, and it was to be judged a crime to protect merit and innocence, she was not displeased at being

forbid—

forbid—it was to this effect. The next morning, the Duke went and resigned his post of Lord High Admiral of *Scotland*; and the Duchess had near seven hundred of the first quality that day to comfort her in this disgrace, at her levee. The town takes party in this affair; the poets appear for their patroness, and wit is every day drawn in defence of the fair one. I have only just time to tell you the fact; you can, better than I, judge of the prudence of him who advised the King, and set his wit against a woman. The highest crime that could be committed less than treason, they say, could not have been punished severer; and others add, that supporting a satire on a prime Minister, is the greatest that can be committed next to treason. I have writ this in so much haste, that I fear you will

not

not be able to read it, but if you will pardon this fault, then I fear it will only encourage me to be guilty in the same way more frequently ; but the oftener I offend, the oftener you will have an opportunity of exercising your goodness ; and if I cannot give you pleasure from what I write, I shall, by that, for no person ever practised a virtue, but was happy when he did it.

I am, MADAM,
Your most obliged,
Most obedient, most humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T -

L E T T E R VIII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1729.

MY Lord commands me to write to you this moment, and second his invitation; to repeat the account he sent you of the unhealthiness of the country where you are, and assure you how cordial the air is at *Newsted*. I would have gladly refused being employed, in what I cannot execute without the highest vanity. It is impossible for any one to prevail, if my Lord is unable to do it; and Mrs. SANDYS hath too much good sense to be influenced by any arguments, if those he hath urged are un-

succesful;

successful: therefore, Madam, in great respect to him and you, I write; but absolutely omit the business for which I am commanded to do so; and am confident he will soon find by your letter, that you have determined to make them happy, as soon as they retire to *Surry*.

I own I feel a passion rising in me, that I am not often acquainted with, that of *Envy*; and I shall, with the utmost regret, go into the North, to do my duty there; when I shall lose the satisfaction of enjoying a conversation, as delightful as the best sense, the most sprightly wit, and uncommon turn of knowledge and humour mingled, ever made any. But, Madam, I shall be proud of myself, when I consider that such a temptation (a temptation that is

even

even becoming the highest wisdom and virtue to yield to) cannot persuade me to neglect the solitary uncomfortable duty of retiring and spending my time in that place, whither I am called by an obligation that I cannot neglect, tho', perhaps, I may deserve to be laughed at for my scrupling it.

Had not my Lord obliged me to write immediately, I would have sent you POLLY; but will not omit it another post. It is praised and railed at most extremely; but all people join in asking, where was the offence. The friends of the Minister's aver it is impossible that any can be so audacious as to imagine that there is the least resemblance.—But why was it forbidden? Who refused its being acted? Who exclaimed

exclaimed against it as an odious and plain parallel? They rightly say, they see not the least likeness;—nor perhaps can you, Madam, or I:—But those that forbade it, thought they did; and it is hard, since they are willing to compliment great men with every virtue, they should deny them that perfection, which ancient oracles pronounced to be most noble, that of *knowing themselves*. But it is generally esteem here to be an agreeable and an instructive performance. It hath less humour, the wit either not so sprightly, or at least not quite so new, and therefore not so surprising (which is requisite to make it of the highest spirit). The songs not so jocular, but yet not pointed and smart enough; but there is incomparably more sense, some better characters, and a juster sense of virtue, than

in

in the former. The plot is a novel well conducted ; and perhaps it is no displeasing satire to see an Indian nation, whose nature is unpolluted with the refinements of wealth, and the arts of luxury and traffick, so sensible to the generous maxims that the Author of our hearts originally imprest upon it. It may be a severe satire on us and our improvements, and our politeness, and our preaching ; but (pardon the expression, which I see is offensive in its sound) it is a panegyric on the Author of Nature, and shews what he made us, and what we have made ourselves. Some think that this piece (as the Viper and Scorpion carry a cure of themselves for their own poison) affords a balm for the wounds which the sting of the former part inflicted on morality. I hope this

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is not a reason for so many people's railing at it.

I beg pardon for presuming to write in such haste; but I am a sloven, and always was one, and ever shall be one; and I, as the rest of the world do in their prayers, shall to my friends be ever confessing, beg pardon, receive it, and be never the better for it; but rather hardened in negligence, by finding mercy to be had for asking. But with all my faults, I take care insincerity shall never be one of them; and I am sure I never was in less danger of being guilty, than when I subscribe myself

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T-

L E T T E R IX.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

March, 1729.

NEVER man was so constantly disappointed in any hope, as I have been in the expectation of leisure to write to you a letter that you could read; but I find I flatter myself in vain. This town condemns me to an everlasting hurry of doing nothing. I squander my hours, without any enjoyment to myself, or civility to my friends; and if I am asked, how I consume my time, I am unable to stutter out an excuse that every one will not blame me for; and for which I blame myself more than they can censure me. But I am

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resolved to seize this moment, the only one I can call my own, and bid my pen gallop along the paper as fast as possible, lest I should be interrupted; chusing rather to be blamed for writing illegibly and unintelligibly in haste, than be suspected for forgetting the thanks I owe to you, Madam, for the honour of your correspondence. It is a sort of vicious pride, to be fond of the character of an agreeable correspondent, at the expence of that of an honest one; and I desire to be thought a sloven and dull, rather than insensible and unjust to the favours I have received from you.

It is impossible for you, Madam, not to feel pleasure, as well as pain, from the noble spirit shewn by the House of Commons, in their inquiries into the
management

management of the jails *. The distress in them is so great, that words cannot describe it to you. To say that the cruelties of an inquisition to their prisoners

* Mr. OGLETHORPE, having been informed of the shocking cruelties and oppressions exercised by gaolers upon their prisoners, moved for an examination into these practices, and was chosen Chairman of a Committee appointed to enquire into the State of the Gaols in this kingdom. They began with the *Fleet Prison*, which they visited in a body. There they found Sir WILLIAM RICH, Bart. loaded with irons, by order of BAMBRIDGE, the warden, to whom he had given some slight cause of offence. They discovered many inhuman barbarities, which had been committed by that ruffian, and detected the most iniquitous scenes of fraud, rapine, and extortion. When their report was made to the House, they unanimously resolved that T. BAMBRIDGE was guilty of high crimes in the execution of his office. T. HUGGINS was likewise convicted of the same offence. Upon a peti-

soners is mercy to it, is but deceiving you with an idea that doth not reach to half the unexampled, unhistoried wretchedness, that fifty thousand suffer in our prisons, for no fault but poverty; which often may arise from an innocent carelessness; often from afflictions of misfortunes, by the best care not to be prevented; often from worth, and generous assistance of friends, of children, of a father in distress. A poor wretch, who, out of the abundance of his heart, spoke

tion to the King for their prosecution, an act passed for the better regulation of the *Fleet*. SMOLLET's *History of England*, vol. x. p. 348.

Though the gaolers were by these means restrained from former enormities, the prisons long remained a scandal to a refined nation, in respect of accommodation and construction. The benevolent theories of the humane HOWARD, have since been adapted by the Magistrates of *some* counties, to their eternal honour.

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what he had felt, encouraged by the assurances given him by the gentlemen deputed by the Parliament, that the tyrant and tormentor should have no longer power over them, was thrown into such terrors by a turnkey's saying, that he would be restored again, that in agony he fell down dead at their feet, and blood gushed out of his eyes, and from his fingers. In one room of 13 by 15 feet, 50 prisoners are confined, to live and have their being; I could not borrow the word and *move* also, because that is quite impossible. When they sleep, hammock is hung over hammock; and the poor creatures are piled over each other, amidst ordure and stench, gathered by successive ages. Is this a land of liberty! Is this island, this government the boast of human nature,

that can suffer such miseries, such abandoned abuses of their unhappy, unguilty subjects to be unreformed in its miseries, which persecutors and absolute tyrants never inflicted on those whom their superstition or jealousy made them hate or fear! But why do I now exclaim! I have not yet mentioned the half of the cruelty: this I have mentioned is a mere nothing. You could not bear to read what the jailors act on those, who cannot pacify their avarice with money. A young man, thrust for no large debt into prison, who had never had the small pox, was threatened to be put into a bed with one ill of it, unless he would give the monster that ruled there, more than half of what would have paid the debt. He refused; for he had it not to give: what he had, what he could
beg

beg and borrow from his friends, he offered ; it amounted to eight guineas. The villain, in diabolical insolence of office, scoffed at his gold, and his tears ; confined him with the sick person : he caught the distemper, and died.—Another was destroyed yet more inhumanly : but I will not imitate the cruelty I am describing ; for to one of your compassion, a representation of misery gives misery ; and the only cordial to support under it, is the knowledge that the unhappy will be soon relieved. The Committee will print the report. It will be a dishonour to our nation, to have foreigners acquainted with barbarities, that their very tyrants would have horror at the thought of being guilty of. But it will be an honour at the same time to this age, that it is so zealous to put an

end

end to them. It is impossible that our Judges should have ever suspected how shocking the management of the jails hath been ; but the unhappy perquisite of receiving (I think) annual gifts from the jailors, and a determination they were betrayed to give in favour of BEMBRIDGE, who was tried for abusing a prisoner of quality (Sir WILLIAM RICH) hath opened the mouths of people to abuse those, on whose honour and confidence in them, the quiet of the nation depends ; because on their integrity and impartial regard to justice, depend the lives and fortunes of the whole people. To the uprightness of *Westminster-Hall* is owing the present peace and ease, and liberty of the nation. The bench was never honoured with men of greater ability or virtue, than now ; and, therefore,

fore, it is unhappy that this clamour should now happen:—No:—Perhaps it is fortunate that it happens whilst such adorn it. It is their unsuspected integrity that could alone, on such an occasion, prevent men, in their honest indignation against the cruelty of jailers, from falling on persons, and forgetting by that, to remedy the faults; but revenge never was of service.

The just and unfeigned respect men bear to the worth of the bench, now make them with a sort of sullen upbraiding in half silence, refuse to enquire farther into the origin of such bad fees, and resolve to destroy them for the future. But to refresh you, Madam, with chit chat more agreeable than this, I have taken the liberty to put you into the list
of

of subscribers for THOMPSON's Poems*, for which I beg your pardon; but I know your taste, and am sure you will give it me. When a man of genius employs his muse to make virtue agreeable, the singularity is merit. And why should not we be as zealous to encourage the honest labour, as others are to reward the muses when prostituted to indulge the passions, and be bawds to dishonest pleasures. He

* "THOMPSON's credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends, among others, Dr. RUNDLE, a man afterwards unfortunately famous, sought his acquaintance, and found his qualities such, that he recommended him to the Lord Chancellor TALBOT. He was not long afterwards sent by the influence of Dr. RUNDLE, to travel with Mr. CHARLES TALBOT the Chancellor's eldest son." See JOHNSON's *Lives*, Vol. iv. p. 256, 259.

His works collected, in consequence of this subscription, were published in 1730,

hath

hath certainly a genius, his numbers are harmonious; his language strong, but inaccurate; his sentiments just, short and touching, because only the dictates of the heart, which even the vicious feel to be true, in spite of their labour to quench the light and natural inspiration in their souls. Nature and its explainer, and its author are his themes; what indeed could without prophaneness be joined to the praises of the Great Creator, but his works and NEWTON; his works are his words; he speaks his sublime wisdom and goodness to us in them, and NEWTON is his interpreter. The poet describes the various scenes of the year with all its contrast of landscape agreeably; and now and then inserts a digression of a short story, which relieves from the uniformity of the prospect, and seems as

figures.

figures in the works of that sort of painters, to give life and action to what is in itself merely inanimate; the rocks, and groves, and streams, are indeed, the principal and intended part of the performance. But those other beauties hinder the eye from being fatigued, and heighten and recommend the parts, which are first and chief in designs of this nature. He hath every qualification to make a compleat writer, but learning; and of that, he hath more than most of our poetical writers. For alas ! the philosophers of old, were only admitted to the conversation of the muses, and plays were works of a sublime and sacred nature. Learning was necessary in the writer, and it was learning and instruction to read them. But now the muses are grown coquettes; and boys and

rakes

rakes have been their only minions. The wife who valued reputation, have been ashamed to assist them; and it was almost a proof that a man wanted virtue, to say he had been often seen in their company; and downright dishonour to own a friendship with them. If he reforms these amiable dames, and gives them once more a taste above delighting in trifles, and persuades them no longer to be the dishonourable hand-maids of dissoluteness, he will deserve our esteem, and what we esteem, we should reward; as far at least, as by giving such a man the countenance of our names, in a subscription. By this time you have read the *Inquiry*; methinks, I could venture the disreputation of preaching in a letter to you, on that subject, and shew—but I have not room at present, to be gravely impertinent.

impertinent. My Lord hath commanded me to inclose their resolutions, and to say, that he hath sent another volume of RAPIN, and that secures you for a post or two at least, from an enormous quantity of unprecedented theology. Forgive, Madam, the carelessness, with which this hath been written; it is no excuse to say a thing was written in the utmost haste, because whatever is not necessary, but done on choice, should be well done, or not at all; but I confess, that I never think that merely voluntary, which I cannot omit without breach of a duty; for I esteem an obligation of the highest sort, whatever is commanded by friendship. The rich, indeed, in voluntary sacrifices, ought not to be excused, if they offer less than a hecatomb; but the bounden duty is acceptable, if only in token.

token of a grateful mind. There is presented a pair of turtle doves, poverty makes the meanest acknowledgment, a generous offering; and I am poor in time, though I am entirely idle, but idleness hath its stated indispensable duties, as well as busines. But whenever I can call an hour my own, I will——tire you with it; a very noble reward truly for your former goodness in pardoning the trouble already given you by,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

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L E T-

LETTER X.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM, May, 1729.

I DO not write to entertain you. Poor Dr. CLARKE is dying*. This morning we thought him out of danger; but now he is going to his NEWTON. He is above our pity. It is selfishness to lament him; but a selfishness that a man cannot love virtue without feeling. My heart is big with concern and tender-

* Dr. CLARKE died the 17th of May, 1729. His illness began on the 11th, from which he had so far recovered, as to give hopes of his restoration, till the day preceding his dissolution. Born Oct. 11, 1675. His Memoirs, written by WHISTON, passed through three editions; first published in 1732.

ness,

ness, and longing for the dear instruction of even his most careless conversation ! With what ease and chearfulness did he familiarize knowledge, and bring the highest subjects into the sprightliness of conversation. Religion pities the world, for its not deserving the bleffing of his sweet authority, to stop the torrent of infidelity amongst the great. They knew his sense and integrity. They could not believe there was no truth in what he defended, obeyed, and for which he suffered. What punishment, good GOD ! art thou preparing to inflict on a disolute world ! that thou calleſt out of it the servant who is best prepared to promote thy bleſt desire of making it wise and virtuous, and by them happy ! But he is going to enjoy the reward of his goodness. If there is a GOD (*and that*

there is, all Nature cries aloud in all her works) he must delight in such worth, such love for truth, such resignation, such active virtue; and that which he delights in, must be happy: Happier than this world can make it, tho' he was happy here. Our present blessings are all that justice can require; but are not equal to the bounty of infinite goodness! What good man, that had it in his power to reward such worth, but would rejoice in doing it? And doth any mortal presume to think he loves virtue more than God doth! What we would, he can reward; and what he can, he wills. He who gave us being, when nothing but his own kindness prompted him, will be solicited more strongly to continue it on so much worth, and to one who so amably resembled him.

But

But why do my thoughts run on into such meditations. I know not how; recollecting such assurances, is the natural resource of a mind opprest by the loss of a friend he loved; it is our only —

I had almost forgot to say, that I left *London* on Monday; but my thoughts are too much engaged, to think of any thing but the poor Doctor. I know you will be equally concerned with us. You knew him as well; and your goodness loved equally his virtue.

MADAM,

Yours sincerely,

T. R U N D L E.

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LET-

LETTER XI.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1729.

ALTHO' I have only one moment
to command, I will no longer de-
fer thanking you for the favour which
I did not deserve. I was ashamed to
receive a letter from you; but I shall
be ashamed, if my future care doth not
shew me not altogether unworthy your
goodness.

The only thing which can make the
loss of Dr. CLARKE less sensible, is his
writings; and, therefore, the best con-
folation I can fend you, is an account of
what you may soon expect to see pub-
lished.

lished. Though, alas! how different is the instruction which one receives from the best written book, and such conversation as his? No one had ever that part, of which he was master in highest perfection, of throwing light on the understanding, by a smart expression. A few words animated by his cheerfulness and manner, would remove difficulties, that the clearest pages would leave in perplexity. His acuteness and shortness, and the quick reply that gave spirit to his disputes, were excellencies that none can imagine, but those who have enjoyed them; and of which it is impossible even for his writings to convey the least notice.

His *Catechism* will be published in a few weeks. It hath been the judgment

of twenty years which hath composed it. Learning and sagacity are not the things wanted for such a work ; but experience. He hath observed the arguments which the lowest minds were most touched with, and he hath urged them with the greatest plainness. He hath taken care to make them understand and know the truth of what they are taught to believe ; and are only taught to believe what is necessary to influence their behaviour. I am confident the performance will appear so plain and easy, that people will not think it worthy Dr. CLARKE; tho', by that very ease and divine plainness, it will be most worthy of him. The understanding will not be informed, or the imagination delighted with any one sentence in it ; but the heart will be awakened and subdued.

And

And the excellency of it will be its simplicity, its containing nothing but what is merely necessary: and how sublime an art is that, which can thus courageously resist the temptation of uncommon learning, and deny his great abilities to mingle and impose any of his own opinions, and discovered truths, as the religion of mankind. It will be a work all must assent to, that the meanest can comprehend; and yet one that contains wisdom enough for the happiness of the wisest. Others may try to imitate such unornamented beauty in vain. It is easier to amuse and be eloquent on high subjects, as they call them, than to deliver in words, of whose propriety all can judge, what will have no ambiguity attending them, nor doubts remaining after them. The praise that
will

will be universally given it, will be express in form of censure. Every party will allow it is truth ; but not the whole truth. They will all find there those things in which they agree ; and mutually rail at it, because it contains none of their peculiarities, to commend it as highly as possible. It is a treatise that he hath used and approved, and corrected for twenty years together ; and he valued it as his most beneficial performance for mankind. The next work which the learned expect, are Five Books more of his HOMER *. Perhaps these things may be thought too trifling

for

* WHISTON informs us, that he had begun this work in his younger days ; and that the Notes were rather transcribed, than made a-new. The last 12 Books of the *Iliad* were published in 1732, in 4to. by his Son, who mentions, in his Preface, that his

father

for so great a man, but they were the unbendings of his learning, and such exercises and sports, gave strength and health to his mind, and enabled it to labour with refreshed spirits in nobler works for the service of virtue.

His son, they say, will gather up the hints that he hath scattered on the margin of his books, and preserve every remains of those difficult and delightful triflings of one who had the same accuracy and clearness, even in such minute subjects of diversion, as on the highest. The last work is his *sermons*, written with a design to be published. These contain

Father had finished those Annotations to the three first of those books, and as far as the 359th verse of the fourth, and had revised the text and version as far as the 510th of the same book.

his

his sentiments, and researches on the most difficult subjects, as well as on the plainest ; and the most difficult are made to contribute of their influence on our behaviour, as well as those that are most obviously practical. Every Christian truth will be found explained and proved, every difficulty removed, every hope animated, and every fear sanctified, to be a medicine for our follies ; the whole will be express'd with strength, shortness, and clearness. Probably we shall not think every notion of his true ; but where he differs from others, his difference will be an argument of an amiable mind, and express at once, the highest modesty, sincerity, diligence, and what consecrates even these (good-nature, as it is called in the language of men, but in the language of religion) charity. But alas ! all these

cannot

cannot content his friends. Sir I. NEWTON intrusted to his faithful bosom his sentiments on the highest subjects, many of which were never committed to writing. I have often heard him promise, that those sublime notions should not be lost; but I fear they are so: for I am told there are no papers but those I have mentioned. I have hurried down on paper this account, which I lately received from *London*, as the only news this place affords to entertain you. Your friends are well, and at *Stanhope*, KITTY much yours; every day she grows a more delightful girl than other. Her understanding shoots up faster than her person. I cannot say whether she is more admired or beloved; or which is most uncommonly excellent, her temper or her fine sense; in which reason and imagination

seem

seem to imitate the conduct of wise married people, where both command, and both obey; and have no contest between them, but which shall shew forth best the other's excellency. I should scarcely have ventured to have written to you in such haste and carelessness, had I not considered that my friend is near you, to guess at my meaning, whenever my pen hath made it difficult for any other to decypher its blunderings; but I hope, Madam, not always to continue a sloven, though I fear those that best know me, despair of a reformation.

I am, MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T-

LETTER XII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1729.

SINCE you are so good as not to insist on my paying you the debt of honour (for such surely are promises) till I come to *Durham*; I will endeavour then to be honest, and return you thankfully both the principal and interest; though it is an odd sort of payment, which will doubly encrease my debt to you by your receiving it. I ought to have thanked you sooner for your last; but hoping to get every post more time, I have squandered what I had, and am obliged now to write, not only in an hurry, but in company. You do not

well

well to compare your manner of writing to the workings of the spider, though nothing can so fully express the native treasures and untaught art that adorn your mind. I remember the *Egyptian* writers in Hieroglyphicks thought it fit to represent the Creator who produced all from himself, and was conscious of every thing, which touched any part of this offspring of his power; and as much as I admire you, I will not allow you to apply to yourself what hath been consecrated before, to so peculiar a subject; though if any had a right, it would be one that makes it the amiable duty of life to resemble the great mind in a much more lively manner than can be exprest by that figured language. Mrs. SAYER begs your pardon for omitting to thank Mrs. SANDYS for her lampreys, and af-

sure

sure her, that nothing was ever better; but do not wonder that she forgot it, when she was writing, she was too full of you to think of even your presents; and this Lord Archbishop of CAMBRAV says, is the true spirit of devotion when applied to an higher object; to be in that transport of admiration at his perfections, which will even obscure his very bounties, and make his infinite kindness unregarded, and unthought on; and it is no wonder if sincere friendship humbly imitates that noble natural working of the heart, which is only friendship sublimed and enlarged, and only differs from it as a rivulet doth from the ocean.

My Lord and Mrs. TALBOT are extremely well, and preparing to remove into their sweet retirement; but sweet as

H it

it is, it will be no ways agreeable, till you
animate the groves and meadows with a
music, which is more delightful than that
of Nightingales, your conversation.—

Spadille calls, and I must obey; that pre-
tended enemy, yet truest friend to idleness!
That tyrant to destroy the only joy of
company, even whilst he boasts of his
being sociable! I may rail, but he will
triumph over me, and because I hate him,
he punishes me, but the loss of time is
worse than that of money; but there is
none but a *Parthian* victory to be ob-
tained over him, and I hope next Mon-
day to conquer by flying from him. I
carry down with me the son of the Solli-
citor*; if my conversation can be of any
service to him I shall rejoice; for I would
not live any longer, than I could get

* WILLIAM, late Earl TALBOT.

opportunities

opportunities to shew my gratitude to that family, to which I owe all the happiness and dignity of my life. He is perfectly sober and innocent, and I would animate those blank virtues with sentiments of honour, and a noble zeal and ardour for the brave virtues, from whence arises the splendour and usefulness of large fortunes, without which the enjoyment of them is only a gawdy idleness.—

Spadille I come ! I am unwillingly torn from you; but I will still interrupt his diversion, and suspend his eagerness, till I have assured you, that I shall receive no pleasure at Durham so great as hearing from you, and thanking you for your letters. I am, your most sincere,

Most obedient, most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

H 2

L E T-

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1729.

I COULD not suffer my servant to go to *Miserden*, without thanking you for the entertainment you gave us there, which had every thing in it that could make life delightful, and though your table was with the most elegant ease covered with the greatest variety, yet the low pleasures, which the art of cookery can pretend to bestow, are not thought of, when we reflect on the happiness we enjoyed in your retirement. Conversation, which MILTON rightly calls the food

food of the soul, was the noble feast, and Angels themselves would not think it below them to partake of, and enjoy an entertainment, which was composed of wisdom and virtue.

My friend hath left me, and though I am still with other friends, whom gratitude and inclination make me love, yet I know not how he hath so taken possession of my heart, that his presence is not only the highest pleasure to me itself, like the beholding of sunshine, but like that, necessary also to make me view and receive pleasure from all other the most beloved objects.

My Lord continues well, but methinks his air hath not that serene complacence in it, that we admired at *Miserden*; there

H 3 was

was somet hing then thatshed a gladness over his countenance, and enlightened his features ; his look differs from what it then appeared, as a landscape viewed in the shade, doth from the same landscape beheld in the brightest day. He desires that you would be so good as to send him some of your *Rob of Elder* ; a medicine, of which he is extremely fond, and of which I have the meanest opinion, but if the juice itself hath no virtue, expectation may add some to it, and as many have found relief from an hearty good opinion, as from a natural efficacy ; and if good is received, it is no matter whether it be from the drugs or our own fancy.

When I return to *London*, I hope to
be able to furnish out a letter of diversion
for

for you ; this place affords no accounts, but of the murders and assassinations of innocent hares and pheasants, which sport of death I have a perverse good nature in me, which, though reason justifies, is unable to be subdued to approve of. If I could explain to my understanding that great mystery of natural religion, the ordaining, that the life of some should be supported always by the death of others, I should believe it right, though unintelligible ; for what Goodness hath evidently appointed is good ; and I would have reprimanded the reluctance of my heart for disliking what the Author of Nature, the Father of Mercies hath chosen. But I think I see clearly the wisdom and benevolence of this scheme of things, my reason is convinced, but my aversion to misery is so indiscreetly strong, that it over-

powers my judgement, and I am downright vicious, out of an excess of goodness. This prevents my joining in the amusements of the place, this and my laziness together; and though I am in a croud of company, I spend my day in solitude.

I am, MADAM,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient, most humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

March, 16 1729-30.

I AM ashamed even to do my duty, and beg pardon for not sooner thanking you for the honour of your letter. I have not the confidence to ask you to forgive me, till I have shewn, that I deserve it ; but when I have been a diligent correspondent for the future, I am sure you will forget, that I have been a bad one, heretofore.

There is no repentance, but amendment is contrition, without it is but self-condemnation, and justifies, instead of mitigating punishment. But when amendment

ment is perfected, be it sooner or later, goodness will, for it cannot but approve and therefore accept it; I am by that thought raised into pride enough not to beg your forgiveness; because, by this way, in spite of your justest resentment, I can secure to myself your favour. There was never, surely, so ill-bred a treatment of a person offended before; a haughtiness to provoke, instead of a gallant humility to soften anger, seems insufferable. But, Madam, I judge, that a hope of prevailing, by the flattery of excuses, implies a weakness of temper, which I scorn to suppose in you, and am conscious, that you only can be moved by a good-nature, which is put under the guardianship of justice; and to that only will I refer my future behaviour.

I send

I send you *Sophonisba**, which I think a reasonable entertainment becoming virtue herself to behold with tears of approbation. None of your acquaintance will think the greatness of mind in her character stretched above nature; but they have learnt, that so exalted a mind might have appeared adorned with more amiable graces, without the haughty, fierce, untender temper, which raises her above compassion, and makes one think she desires to be congratulated, rather than pitied for her misfortunes. The story is a bad one, and its being true is the only justification of it: the writing is incomparable, though the pleasure it affords is not that popular kind, which can draw crowded audiences. Those

* A tragedy by THOMSON, acted at Drury-Lane,
in 1729.

writers,

writers, whose ambition is only to be applauded by men of sense, must be contented with very few admirers.

When it was acted, however, the sentiments of virtue and honour were universally felt with pleasure ; and the audience was hurried, by the divine enthusiasm of nature, to honor, by the praise of their hands, those moral beauties, which they cannot forbear loving, even when they refuse to enjoy them,

I silently congratulated human hearts, when I found they were not so degenerated by fashionable debaucheries, as to be untouched with those graces, that give dignity to mankind. PLATO says, that if men could behold virtue, she could make all of them in love with her charms: a right

right play draws her picture in the most lively manner, and the reception, this hath met with, shews the justness of that philosopher's observation. There are some roughnesses in the numbers; some poetical extravagancies, as nearly related to nonsense, as a note raised to the highest pitch, by a fine singer, is to a scream; some awkward oddnesses of expression, which may be observed by one, who is of a taste cold enough to attend to such minute transgressions, when his reason and fancy ought to be fired by good sense, harmony, and nature.

When a man is viewing a parterre of flowers; which mingle the lustre of the spring together, with a contrast of colours, where each seems only endeavouring to heighten and shew the perfection of the others,

others, like friendship regardless of its own, how can he be at leisure from admiration, to observe the few weeds, which grow up among them? Nothing but friendship to the author could make one condescend to play the part of a gardener, and, instead of being entertained with the grandeur and beauty of the whole, neglect enjoying that noble delight; by a perverse diligence in observing and searching for branches, which burst forth with irregular luxuriancy. A friend indeed might be patient to cut and prune his laurels to make them shoot the faster, and grow, hereafter, in less disordered beauty. There is a freedom and richness in nature, that now and then may want the kind severity of art. A genius may be transported by his native fire into extravagancies, from which the cold writers are secure; but an

acuteness

acuteness and strength of eye, always to be able to espy the spots, which, like those of the sun, ought to be concealed under the blaze of beauties, is a perfection, from which I humbly beg to be for ever free.

There is a defence of Dr. CLARKE's *Catechism*, published by Dr. SYKES*, the subject of the *Trinity* was but slightly touched by him, he leaves it to the writings, which were published by the

* Entitled "An Answer to the Remarks upon Dr. CLARKE's Exposition on the Church Catechism, 8vo. 1730." Dr. WATERLAND was his opponent in this controversy. He also, in the same year, published a Defence of this Answer; and in 1734, and 1735, the two pamphlets in vindication of Dr. RUNDLE, so largely quoted in the introduction. He had likewise a controversy with WHISTON.

Doctor

Doctor himself, and the judgement of the impartial. If what was then said could not convince, repeating it again will not do so; the objections are not new, nor can the answers be so; but enlarges on a more important point, wherein the honour of GOD and human nature are concerned. It is surprising, that in this enlightened age, any can be ignorant enough to teach, that morality is of lower regard than positive institutions, that morality is to be perfected by outward performances; that the one only are preparations to make us perform the other acceptably, but the other, that which really make us acceptable; the one are human virtues, the other Christian perfections; the one leads us to the door of *Heaven*; the other can alone open it and let us in. With what disdain would

TILLOTSON

TILLOTSON have read such offensive treacherous flattery to the Christian religion, which, whilst it pretends to do it honour, exposes it to —————.

How will Deists rejoice at such a defence of it? Goodness is that in GOD, which consecrates his other attributes, and makes them adorable; and perfecting that for which we worship, and adore him in our own tempers, must be the worship and adoration, in which alone he can delight. He cannot but be pleased with beholding in us his own likeness, it is not to love himself, not to love those that resemble him! Virtue, forsooth, is an interested service; virtue carries with it its own reward; would be practised by a wise man, whether GOD commanded it or no!—true! and, therefore, worthy GOD to command; what motive could infinite

I Goodness

Goodness have to create us, but to bestow happiness on his creatures? and what end can his commands pursue, but that pursued in making us? But worthless performances, superstition argues, and the burthen of needless appointments are holy by their usefulness; is a service submitted to us only out of obedience; and, therefore, testifies our reverence of GOD, instead of a regard to our own interest; and, therefore surely, it cries, is more pious, because less selfish, than virtue, which is but mere prudence. If one disagreeable rite shews obedience, two shew it twice as strong, and an hundred doth proportionably more so! even Judaism then is a religion too simple for such volunteers in duty; the more odious and extravagant the labour of this sort of obedience, surely the stronger the principle

ciple from whence it proceeds, and the stronger the more acceptable. But if God could like man for sacrificing good-sense, out of obedience; who could love a Father, who requires such instances of affection? If it could make them acceptable in his sight, it could not procure esteem for him in theirs, for requiring it; and is what love, without esteem!—What religion, without love!

The two first volumes of Dr. CLARKE's *Sermons* will be published very soon, these are on the attributes; he designed them for the press, and they are, therefore, finished compositions. Philosophy is familiarized in them, to the understandings of Christians, of unlearned good sense; Philosophy is made to perform the part intended her by nature, of being an hand-

maid to religion. They are designed for the unlearned of good sense. The latter is like a natural soil, in which every plant will flourish, and bring forth its fruit with all the genuine height of taste, but learning is like manure, which will make them shoot fast with a sickly vigour for a little time; but the fruit it produceth, often, if not always, tastes of the uncleanly, unsavoury assistance to its growth, and makes that nauseous or unwholesome, which, in its native state, gives health and delight. Eight volumes more will soon follow. His life is prefixed to the first*, which will not be entertaining to any but his acquaintance; and to those, the intrepidity in the cause of truth, against the solicitations of great-

* By Dr. HOADLEY, then Bishop of Sarum, published in 1730.

ness and wealth, and honours, will appear more amiable *Heroism*, than the destruction of nations, by the pernicious courage of an ALEXANDER. I ought to be ashamed of my neglecting the polite subjects of an epistle, for this unfashionable chat about books and controversies, especially when I have not an excuse for deviating into such improper subjects.— The town affords a full harvest of scandal, and I could furnish out a sheet of paper with well-bred conversation, that should shine at a tea table, but I know to whom I write, and that you are as much above such a curiosity, as those who delight in it, are below your friendship. But there is one subject that I must not omit, for no letter can be acceptable to you, without an account of the health of those you love.

My Lord and his Lady are well; Mrs. SAYER tolerable; the Doctor wearing himself out, in being every body's slave; but one almost envies, instead of blaming a man, who endangers his health by indiscretion, in the self-rewarding labour of doing good. At *Durbam*, Mrs. TALBOT and the dearest girl are quite well; Mr. SECKER not so; but I hope their fears are greater than his illness, and whilst he is indisposed, she cannot be in health. I will add a little public news after all; there is certainly uneasiness in the Ministry, between the brothers, and when the Sessions are over, and they can quarrel safely, it is confidently reported, that Lord T———D * and his

* CHARLES, Lord Viscount TOWNSHEND, Secretary of State, brother in law of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE. Died March 12, 1764.

dependents

dependents will retire. But who will fill up their places is unknown. Sir ROBERT, at present, is secure in the glory of that peace, which hath retrieved the nation from much perplexity, and the other little difficulties which remain, will, like stars in the morning, as day advances, one after another vanish away; there is no room for compliments, nor does sincerity want more than to assure you, that

I am, MADAM,
Your most obedient,
Most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

LETTER XV.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

March 1728-29.

D R. SAYER* is prevented by his good nature from taking that refreshment in the country, which is necessary even to make his good nature of

* Dr. EXTON SAYER married CATHERINE, daughter of Bishop TALBOT. He was Chancellor of *Durham*, Deputy Chancellor of the diocese of *Winchester*, Commissary of *Essex*, Surveyor-General of the Crown Land Revenues, Advocate for the Admiralty in matters relating to the Crown, standing Counsel to the *East-India Company*, and Member for *Totnes, Devonshire*. He died at *Durham* Sept. 21, 1731. His death was occasioned by a fall from his horse, as he was reading a letter. Mrs. SAYER died Aug. 24, 1734.

service

service for any long time to those he loves. He could not accompany the sollicitor* to *Ashdown*, which gives him double uneasiness, because he is denied by it the pleasure he promised himself of seeing you. He is stolen out of town indeed for a day or two, but must return again early next week to attend the public and private concerns which he hath engaged himself to assist and conduct. I see the fatigue which he suffers himself to be in constantly, with such uneasiness of compassion, that I almost wish he was not so able and dexterous in doing service, that he might not be worn out in the honest labour; it is screwing up the string till it breaks, and the high delight desired from it and its perfection, become its destruction; but after all, are not these com-

* Afterwards Lord TALBOT.

plaints

plaints of pity mere refined selfishness in us his friends? A sort of grudging others that, of which we know the value and would reserve for our own happiness; but be it so, such selfishness is what it is no shame for virtue itself to acknowledge. He knew I designed to write to you this evening, and bids me say, that if his horses are not gone from you, he desires they may continue there still a little longer. News I will not trouble you with. Uneasinesses and mutual upbraiding of parties have been always, and will be always. Great complaints, and triumphs of justification, between those that are out of place, and those that are in, agitate the spirits of the leaders, and furnish smart conversation for the retainers of each side; but I endeavour to keep myself calm by ignorance

rance of such public disputes, and hear the storm bluster around me, and hug myself at being secure from its mischiefs. Controversy goes on in the church, and another panegyrick on positive instructions is published to the joy of superstition, the mirth of deists, and for the calumny of the admirers of Dr. TILLOTSON. It is not worth sending you ; those, who already see the truth in that point (where nothing but prejudice and false learning can blind the sight) would be uneasy at reading such studied haughtiness of sophistry, and those, who still are blind, will, by reading, be blinder still : for learning creates not a new nature in any person, but improves that which he hath already ; the wise are by it raised to a more extended use of their good sense ; the puzzled, accomplished in the art of puzzling themselves and all around them.

My

My Lord and Mrs. TALBOT are extremely well. From *Durham* I hear, that Mr. SECKER* and his family are better, and free from their fears.

I will take care, as soon as Mr. THOMPSON's *Seasons* are published, to send them to you; at present nothing of moment is to be met with worth sending you.

I flatter myself, that I shall have an opportunity of waiting on you this spring:

* Afterwards successively bishop of *Bristol*, *Oxford*, and archbishop of *Canterbury*; born and bred a presbyterian. He was ordained by Dr. TALBOT, when bishop of *Oxford*, on the recommendation of his son, Mr. EDWARD TALBOT, and afterwards preferred by him.

for

D R. T H O M A S R U N D L E. 125

for I long for the honour of waiting on
you, to assure you with what esteem and
sincerity I am

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

L E T-

LETTER XVI.

To Mrs. S ANDY S.

MADAM,

July 16, 1730.

I HAVE presumed to send you a present of Mr. THOMPSON's *Seasons*; a volume, on which reason bestows as many beauties as imagination. It is a subject, that our first parents would have sung in *Paradise*, had they never been seduced by the serene flattery of false knowledge to forsake humility and innocence. But they would scarcely have excited, by what they sung, a purer praise of virtue or higher raptures of adoration, than will warm your heart, when you read the description of these rural scenes of the graces and benevolence

lence of nature. Such writings give dignity to leisure, and exalt entertainment and amusements into devotion. If I praise the performance more than it deserves, consider it as an honest art of giving value to my present: for I would not willingly offer any thing to you, of which I had not an high esteem. But I confess, I am so fond of poetry, that every attempt to unite and marry it to virtue is extremely disagreeable to me; and I can, on such occasions, scarcely forbear composing their epithalamium. Hail sacred *verse*, thou eldest offspring of human ingenuity! Before letters were invented, numbers and the music of regularly unequal syllables retained those histories in the memory of mankind, which then, there was no outward learning to preserve. By thee those sons of reason, arts, philosophy,

and

and laws were nourished and educated ; men were civilized and society made delightful. The chronicles of the Bards and the instruction of the Druids on every duty and ornament of life were adorned by harmony, and by pleasing imagination were remembered with ease.

How much better known is the hunting on *Chiviot*, than the glorious deeds of our ancestors at *Cressy* and *Agincourt* ? In verse oracles were delivered to mankind. The sublimity, and beauty, and difficulty of that measured language were thought a proof, that it came from more than mortal beings. Men have not been unwilling to acknowledge every astonishing accomplishment to be owing to the assistance of some divinity ; that whilst they praised those noble abilities they might

might comfort their own vanity, and not think any of their brethren naturally so very much their superiors : for an oak was still an oak, tho' Jove returned his answers from it.

In verse, men offered up their gratitude in temples, though sanctity of manners and an harmony of life were a more acceptable sacrifice, than the most exalted hymn ; yet he, who hath poured beauty, and order and regularity over all his works, reason cries aloud, surely delights in beauty. What he delights in is amiable, and it is our honour and privilege to delight in it also : to admonish and assist us in doing this, they argued, " let us consecrate every thing truly great, proportioned and graceful in human arts and inventions to his service."

Poetry and musick were thus introduced into public worship. The care of a decency in ranging and giving harmony to the order of their words taught an higher care of the infinitely more sublime, more pleasing decency of a right conduct in life ; and a right harmony amidst the affections of the heart. Devotion thus was deemed slovenly and careless and un-instructive, when separated from verse ; like coming into the presence of a King undressed, it was a negligence, which was interpreted disrespect. The desire of communicating knowledge to each other, and expressing the gratitude and thankfulness, with which they glowed towards heaven, gave birth to the sweet art of adding musick to words. They joined uniformity and variety (in which every sort of beauty consists) to the measures, with which.

which their sentences moved from the tongue. But a love of money and trade at last invented letters, embodied thought, and made sounds become visible and immortal.

There was then no longer a necessity to embalm stories in verse, to induce men to remember them; because they could now be engraven on marble, or, what is more durable, on paper, and last to future ages in spite of the carelessness of the present. Men having now their hearts turned to the adoration of the new goddess, daughter of trade, *unnecessary riches*, neglected the pomp and dignity of that worship, which was their joy, whilst innocence and contentment with nature's bounty governed them. Verse, therefore, and the laboured simplicity of its charms were no

longer cultivated for the temple, but the tawdry beauties, which trade invented, banished her thence to seat themselves in her place. Gold and embroidery, sculpture and painting, wantoned with mimick finery, to captivate the heart, and recommended and pleaded for the service of that idol, *superstition*, because she in return pleaded for their high use and religious value.

When poetry was degraded from being the priestess of nature, she soon was seduced to lend her office to meaner purposes, and became the servant of every passion in the temper; and vanity and love chiefly retained her in their service, and flattery and lasciviousness were soon made too agreeable by her assistance. How worthy therefore is the design of
chiding

chiding her meaneſs, to recall her to her first high office of adorning piety, and raising an ambition after virtue. This is the intention of Mr. THOMPSON's work, which I ſend you. I am willing to be blind to every imperfection, where ſo worthy a wish guided the pen. But what are the imperfections! a rough or hard word, now and then indulged to lift his numbers above prose, and make the paltry gingle of rhyme unnecessary; the repetition of the same phrase, every where highly proper perhaps, but the warmth of writing concealed from him the remembrance, that the reader is, tho' the writer is not, cool enough to demand variety. A hint not worked up to the height, which our unexperienced imagination thinks it might be carried; but if we had tried ourelfes, we ſhould wonder at the

K 3 dignity,

dignity, to which words have raised it. These and such mighty imperfections offend those, who are untouched enough to be so minutely judicious. But the sentiments of liberty, of virtue, of generous manly piety hurry away my approbation, and I have not leisure enough to be sagacious.

The most amusing paintings of poetry, that swiftly transport me from scene to scene of nature, ever charming, ever wonderful, so fill my heart with rapture, that I forget the poet and myself, and am only attentive on him and his works, whose goodness ordained the present only useful proportion of these changes, which are in all their majesty of wisdom placed before my reason to demand its gratitude; out of the abundance of the heart the pen

as

as well as the tongue speaketh, and my love of poetry hath made me forget, to what an indecent length of praise I have suffered it to ramble, and take up that paper, which should be allotted to more epistolary subjects.

I yesterday was at *Afted*; my Lord is better, and intends to see you this summer. But Dr. SAYER flatters me, that he will soon give me an opportunity of performing my promise, and visit you at *Miserden*. We have no news, and scarcely know what news to desire; war people expect, they blame our ministers for deferring it so long; but when ever it is begun, they will, with higher clamour, blame them for not preventing it. Dr. CLARK's *Sermons* is the only book of note or value, which hath been lately published; those you will read; and then you

will despise all the praises and all the censures of them ; the first cannot encrease or the other lessen the opinion your own judgement will give you of those performances. If any thing, which can entertain you, shall be published before I leave London, I will bring it with me, rejoicing in the treasures of other people's wit to divert you, who can pretend to none of my own ; but whether I can be so fortunate or no, I doubt not of being welcome to you, who value nothing in your friends so much as their sincerity and good-nature, the first of which, in my professions of a value for you, none shall exceed, and I shall learn the other from your example.

I am, MADAM, Your most obliged
Most obedient humble servant,

T. RUNDLE,

L E T -

L E T T E R XVII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1730.

WHAT can I write to Mrs. SANDYS
on this sad sad occasion. Look
into your own heart, and that will tell
you what I feel, better than any words I
can use to describe my sorrow. I have
lost, I have lost my patron, friend, fa-
ther*! To him I owe all the happiness
I have ever enjoyed in life, all the com-
fort (if life hath any future comfort for

Bishop TALBOT, who died Oct. 12, 1730.

me !)

me !) that I am still to receive, flow from his bounty to me ! I saw him in misery, who never before was beheld by any that depended on him, but with gratitude and pleasure ; to look on him, who loved us all, was a joy that made us relish the good fortune, with which he had blest us. What can I do to shew my sense of gratitude to him ! The labour of my life, the ambition of my life, shall be to enjoy the satisfaction of acting with a regard and love to his dear dear memory. He hath left Mrs. TALBOT, tho' in no great, yet in no distressed condition. She hath 330l. a year, paid to her free from deductions, and by the generosity of Mr. TALBOT, no inconsiderable sum to relieve her present wants, and reward those, who shall shew her respect, and oblige her,

if

if she pleases to preserve it. Mr. TALBOT's behaviour on this occasion, hath been such as becomes the best man and best son that ever lived. He hath shewn a generosity, and tenderness, and regard, to his poor dear beloved father, which will make him not only, as he ever was, the admiration, but the love of all, who know and love virtue. Poor Mrs. SAYER! you know the sensibility of her temper and how it must have been wounded by this dreadful unexpected calamity! I want to be with you to pour out my heart on this distress; you would ask a thousand questions, and I say a thousand things, that conversation gave rise to, that one can neither think on when writing, nor would be proper to be written. When I am more at ease,

I will

I will write more to you on this dreadful subject. Grief is never talkative at first, but after the sorrow is subsided a little, there is melancholy pleasure in talking on the dear occasion of it, and by frequent renewing it, to familiarise it to the thought, and make it not only more easily borne, but have a sort of honest pride in being able to bear it. I know not how human nature often enjoys grief at last, and turns the poison itself into a kind of cordial.

My poor dear friend is under the deepest affliction, he loved my Lord, my Lord loved him. Though he made his will before the Doctor was married, my Lord made him his executor, with Mr. TALBOT; though a troublesome, yet a pleasing office, as it is a pleasure to be esteemed,
and

D R. THOMAS RUNDLE. 141

and known to be so by such a man, especially to him, whose chief enjoyment in life is the pleasure of labouring to serve those he loves.

Your most obliged,

Most obedient, humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

L E T-

LETTER XVIII.

To Mrs. SANDY.

MADAM,

Oct. 24, 1730.

THE condition of our grief has no variety, and, therefore, affords nothing for me to write different from my former time, which stifles the first tumult of affection, gives leisure for thought to look around, but alas! the more seriously we think, the more strongly we feel the calamity of his loss, and the sorrow, which at first was only passion, is now reason.— It is reason indeed, but selfish; and that concern, which arises from considering it as a misfortune and distress to ones self, though most natural to feel, it is unbecoming

coming to acknowledge. That tender lamentation, which flows from gratitude and love of benevolence, which forgets that kindness to itself was the foundation of it, is that alone which virtue will permit us to indulge; because it cherishes in the heart the same amiable graces we melancholily commend. If these alone deserve our tears of fondness in him, these alone can excite the same sentiments of esteem towards ourselves, and what man is so mean, as not to desire to be beloved? But even this generous and improving grief is to be watched over and restrained, least it softens us too much, disables us from performing the duties of life, and destroys that meek and cheerful resignation to the nature of things, that Providence hath ordained; which alone can make us pass through this life with comfort.

fort. That gratitude of sorrow towards others is bad indeed, which makes us repine, discontented and ungrateful, to him our Supreme Benefactor. When one is calm, and alone such reflections throw the mind into a melancholy composure, and one resolves to submit to those accidents, which the condition of humanity requires us to feel and submit to. But every new friend we meet, every new occasion silences these whispers of religious philosophy, and the heart prevails over the understanding; grief is again awakened, and one almost thinks it right to act against reason, and place a kind of sublime virtue, in being self-condemned. Among the many calamities, which attend his death, there is one which, though it may appear trifling to vulgar minds, you will think

is

is no small misfortune:—he was the centre, which drew and united together many of us into a sweet society of friends, where we met to enjoy the pleasures of conversation, with freedom, and that mutual goodwill and confidence, which alone makes friendship sincere, without which, it is only well-bred hypocrisy, or like echo, a mere sound, without a substance; before him we dared open the sentiments of our cautious hearts, and the observations or suspicions of our enquiries; and though we were of opinions different from those he embraced, he had the greatness of mind not to dislike those he thought mistaken; and from this variety of opinions he saw among those, whose learning and sincerity he valued, he obtained that wisdom of charity, with which so few are ever enlightened; that

L

our

our duty is to be of one heart here, and it will be time enough to be of one mind hereafter. To repair this loss as much as we can, I resolve when in *London*, to live with my friend, whose friendship now is the chief happiness I propose in life; but to confess sincerely, I have a scrupulous uneasiness at the figure I must make to the world, in living long in town from my preferment, when I have no call, but my own pleasure, to make me do so.

Whilst my Lord lived, the duty of attending the best benefactor, justified my absence, to the world and myself, but now, though I have no cure of souls*

* Dr. RUNDLE's preferments were a Prebend of *Durham*, and the Archdeaconry of *Wiltz*, prior to his advancement to the Mitre.

to demand constant attendance, yet me thinks, people will believe it ill bestowed preferment on one, who seems to have no business in life, but in the dignity of polite idleness to gratify himself. The gratification of myself, indeed, will arise from what is ever amiable, ever praiseworthy, the friendship of a man of the best sense and virtue; but this cannot be seen by all, who observe my having nothing here to do; and though it is the hardest, yet it may be a necessary self-denial to refuse an indulgence of those most reasonable satisfactions, rather than injure a reputation; when the power of doing good in life, and the honour of religion may in some measure depend on it. This will certainly oblige me to spend no small part of the summer in the North, which now I fear will ever be made more bleak

and disagreeable to me, than the niggardliness of our sunshine hath yet made it, by the absence of those I love. How vain are the schemes we propose ! How did we flatter ourselves with meeting there together next summer, and enjoying the best pleasure of life, the conversation of friends, whose very trifling and unbendings are distinguished by good sense, as well as their collected behaviour. I shall never see you there more ! My unkind, though generous fortune, will oblige me to retire from those I love, in that season of the year, when only they will be able to have what they and I most value, the leisure of being happy in your company.

Mrs. TALBOT is ill, but bears her misfortune as well as could be expected,

or

or wished. I know not how, age bears affliction better than youth, passions are not in them so strong; and, therefore, their less strength is sufficient to support them; passion is one kind of fever, and fevers always are most dangerous in young and healthy constitutions; the mind, as well as the body, grows callous by use, and as age hath been more exposed to afflictions; so it is hardened to them, by having often endured them.

She designs to live with her nephew YOUNG, and hath taken a less, but handsomer house, than that my Lord lived in, near *Grosvenor Square*; where we shall be thrown, is not yet determined; but wherever I am, the whole felicity I can promise myself, must arise from loving, and being beloved by those,

L 3 whose

whose virtue and right hearts, and good-sense, make conversation an imitation of felicity, superior to mortality; and whilst this is my taste and ambition, you cannot wonder that I am desirous to subscribe myself,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

T. RUNDLE,

LET.

LETTER XIX.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1730.

MRS. TALBOT hath at last prevailed on herself to read your letter; and though she was overwhelmed with tenderness and tears at your sense, and partaking of her loss, yet your goodness gave her as great pleasure, as it is possible for her to receive in her present condition. Nothing most certainly can afflict any heart with greater anxiety than grief, sickness, and the perplexity of preparing for a new, and alas! different scene of life, than that, in which she hath so long been happy, and all these

unite to contribute their share to fill up her distress. If the respect of those, who loved my Lord, can any way lessen her feeling the sad change, she will always be secure of being treated in the best manner, that the best people in the world can think it becomes them to behave towards one, for whom my Lord had the highest affection and esteem.— Every day presents us with some new melancholly scene, which awakens our grief, and seems to upbraid us with our loss.

At present, inventories of all that belonged to him, are making, in order to be disposed of; and among the rest, his books must be sold; which obliges me to say, that in a short time, we will send you down a catalogue of what belonged to

to him, among those, which were sent to you; to desire that you would read those first, as being likely to be sooner wanted than the others, though we may rob you of part of your entertainment, I hope we shall always be able to send others in the place of them; it is pity you should be deprived of that rational luxury you are fond of. The temper of your mind is most exactly described in a line of POPE's, corrected and improved by THOMPSON

— *A friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.*

And since your ambition hath chosen the better part, it is the duty of all that value you, to take care that it shall not be taken from you.

'There

There is a new piece of T. CHUBB's*, which will be soon published, containing a vindication of God's character, against those, who represent him as approving his creatures, not in proportion to their goodness and resembling his own perfections; but requiring them to perfect those natural amiable graces by performances of no use or comeliness, but merely because they were appointed. He is insolent enough, in his zeal of reason, to dare expostulate with no less a person than the Bishop of *London*, for injuring as he terms it, in the simplicity of an unlearned

* THOMAS CHUBB was originally a mechanic, at *Salisbury*; but having an extraordinary faculty of reasoning, became a formidable Controversialist, without the least knowledge of the Classic Languages. His first tract was against Dr. CLARKE's doctrine of the Trinity. His opinions were absolutely Heretical. He died 1747.

heart,

heart, the reputation of the Almighty, by abusing reason, the gift of God to man, for his conduct; throwing the blame due to their negligence on the imperfection of his imparted light, which proved an *ignis fatuus* to mislead, instead of guiding them to his approbation, and their duty. You shall see what common sense can do, when neither improved or spoilt by reading. I have got a bad habit of writing long letters; but I will not make an apology, when I write to you, because you have the leisure to permit me to be impertinent; and, if it is no other-wise agreeable, it will serve to give a variety to your solitude. I am

Y our most obedient,
Most humble servant,
T. R U N D L E.

L E T-

LETTER XX.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1730.

I HAVE your *watch*, which I will send to you by the first opportunity, that I can meet with, and at the same time send you the performance of THOMAS CHUBB against the Bishop of *London**.

How saucy a thing is reason, to dare inspire an illiterate fellow, to attack a man of profound learning and power ? A very

* Entitled "a Discourse concerning reason with regard to religion and divine revelation, wherein is shewn, that reason either is, or else that it ought to be, a sufficient guide in matters of religion, occasioned by the Lord Bishop of *London*'s second pastoral letter, 8vo. 1730."

GOLIATH

GOLIAH in controversy ; and hope to destroy him by such a weak arm's throwing this smooth stone at his forehead. Fie upon the insolence of human reason ! What success he hath, or ought to have, you will know when you read him. He will be railed at by the worldly-learned, the fashionable-wise, the much commended prudent ; and admired by the very few truly knowing and good, and by all the Libertines. For alas ! the disolute think, pulling down any popular argument, is pulling down the truth it was offered to support ; and foolishly imagine, that destroying the indiscreet reasoning of any writer in defence of religion, is opposing the religion itself, and shewing there is nothing in it. And that unhappy voluntary blunder of the abandoned, hath given those, who defend and

blend

blend their own schemes and designs with religion, and unhappy opportunity to rail at all, who do not submit to the whole of what they plead for; or do not approve of their treacherous manner of pleading for truth itself; they censure them for joining in with the enemies of religion and virtue, and by that means make the pious weak people detest those, they see thus misrepresented. This intimidates more cautious people, (who lament secretly the ill usage those can thus make of opposition to themselves) from opposing them. This hath prevented numbers from shewing their dislike of what hath been said to the dishonour of reason and substituting means, instead of (what is the perfection of God himself) *goodness*. But I have no time for such reflections.

Mrs.

Mrs. TABBOT is so very ill, that Mrs. SAYER, tho' I do not, gives her over absolutely as gone : I think her case is extremely dangerous, but not desperate. She thinks she will not live many days, nor can she, if she grows not better soon ; she continually vomits and purges, voids blood, and hath kept no nourishment since Sunday ; grief made her apply for consolation to, what she was never much used to, strong cordials ; that treacherous flattering Syren, whom so many still believe, tho' they daily see the numbers it destroys, that gave, after short refreshment, a *cholick* ; this required larger doses, these again gave vomitings, which demanded still larger doses, the short ease was attributed to its power ; but not the increase of misery which followed. The Doctor railed at it, his medicines came

too

too late to overcome this evil soon ; and therefore, in natural impatience of sickness, were despised ; and the old short-lived interval of ease, again desired which still increased the distemper and disappointed all the remedies.

Yours sincerely,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T-

L E T T E R X X I.

To Mrs. S A N D Y S.

MADAM,

January 30, 1730-31.

MY rambling life is over, and now I shall have the leisure of performing the duty of writing to my friends: I have spent this *Christmas* in *Berkshire*, with Mr. TALBOT and his delightful family*.

No

* Lord CHANCELLOR and his four sons.

CHARLES RICHARD, the eldest, died in 1733, aged 24. THOMSON attended him in his travels, by the recommendation of Dr. RUNDLE. His character is beautifully and justly delineated by him, in his poem on Liberty, part 1st, in the exordium “ O my lamented TALBOT.”! to verse 12.

M

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No man is more happy than he is, in the prospect of seeing many noble and great branches spring from his root. Wit and sprightliness, when they accompany good sense and virtue, will recommend the

The second—WILLIAM, afterwards Earl TALBOT, died 1782.

The third—JOHN, Member for Brecon, appointed second Justice of Chester 1740, married 1st HENRIETTA MARIA, daughter of Sir MATTHEW DECKER. 2dly CATHERINE, daughter of JOHN Viscount CHETWYND, of the kingdom of Ireland, by whom he had JOHN CHETWYND, created Earl TALBOT July 3 1784.

GEORGE—the fourth son was D. D. vicar of Guiting, in the county of Gloucester, who had the Bishopric of St. David's offered to him by his present Majesty, upon his Accession, which the Doctor was so singularly scrupulous as to refuse. His exemplary virtue and learning pointed him out, as likely to have added dignity to the high station, of which his acceptance was solicited. He resided at Guiting, 'til his death, a most exemplary parish priest.

more

more worthy qualities and make them doubly successful; and these are united in a sweet contrast in his second boy, who was this *Christmas* with us. There is a chearful gravity in the next, which makes him thoughtful and industrious, but will preserve these useful accomplishments from——and that unsociable selfishness, which too often deforms learning. The third is all life and gaiety, goodnature and innocence, with the fairest blossoms of reason, which the care of Mr. TALBOT, in his education, will secure from being blasted and ripen into abundance.

How mean a sight is the spring, with all its beauties, when compared to the opening of youth, with so full a promise of every virtue, to give joy to themselves,

M 2 and

and happiness and ornament to their country. His eldest is at *Paris*, and behaves as one would wish he should behave. His rough *English* love for liberty, despairs the embroidered slavery, that glitters in that trifling Court. He hates chains, tho' made of gold; and contemns a nation, who can be mean enough to be contented and in love with wretchedness, because it hath a painted face. With a sort of virtuous surliness, his good sense is so much offended at their flattery of those that oppress them; in that chain of mutual slaves and tyrants, that descends from the highest to the lowest among them, that one almost fears he should, instead of learning complaisance in that polite school of dissimulation, run counter to the manners he hates, and be in danger of growing love with that plain dealing,

dealing, which is now no where fashionable, if his good sense and good-nature did not secure him from it ; the first teaches all, that civility and obligingness is a virtue as much due, as more important branches of justice ; the other, that benevolence in the heart, will accomodate itself to all, and throw light and amiableness over the behaviour ; and he, that knows this, is well bred by nature, tho' he makes a bow awkwardly and never learnt to cut a caper.

To-morrow Dr. SAYER and Mrs. SAYER return to *London*; the first is better; but Mrs. SAYER, I think, rather worse than usual; ————think her illness is rather troublesome than dangerous. Mr. ————with his whole family are come safe to town, and have

M 3. brought

brought———with them, who every day grows a more delightful girl. She hath an ambition to obtain every accomplishment, and hath sense enough to use them, to purchase real esteem, not to nourish vanity. They promise to make themselves happy in seeing *Miserden* this summer in their journey from *Bath*. Mrs. SANDY's recommendations are never forgotten by me, tho' I cannot always have opportunity to shew I take notice of them.

The boy you recommended for a servant, I could provide for at present, in the best place he could desire and in the way of preferment, if his age is not an objection. I should be glad to receive immediately an account of his stature, looks, age, and general character; if he hath

hath the look of a boy, it cannot do; but if he hath a serious and decent appearance of a man, I may perhaps get over the difficulty of his real age, on account of his right accomplishments for such an employment as he will be put into. He must wear a livery, and constantly attend a man of the greatest dignity, and therefore the figure of a lad cannot be admitted. The post is going, and I will finish at present, but write to you a more entertaining letter speedily.

I am, MADAM,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

M 4 L E T-

THE ZIG-ZAG REPORT

BY JAMES R. HARRIS

WITH A FOREWORD BY

JOHN W. BROWN, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN W. BROWN, JR.

WITH A PREDICTION BY

JOHN W. BROWN, JR.

L E T T E R XXII.

To Mrs. SAYER.

MADAM,

March 18, 1730-31.

I AM quite astonished, when I recollect how long since it was that I writ last to you, who ought to have been the last person in the world neglected by me. I have had of late, indeed, but little heart to write to any one, much less to you, before whom I would never willingly appear, but with spirit and good humour. But how could I have either, when a friend, whom I most sincerely, most tenderly love, hath been so long in danger? this is the 14th day, in which poor GEORGE SAYER hath been strug-
gling

gling with a violent fever. You know Mrs. SAYER and the Doctor too well, not to feel what they have felt, under the anxiety for the sufferings, and the uncertainty, for the life of so delightful, so valuable a relation! I am almost afraid to say, that we have any assurance even yet of his safety, so many accidents disappoint the credulity of hope, and make the promises of Physicians of no more certainty, than a fortune-teller's, though they often, perhaps, both contribute to bring about what they foretel, and by persuading the imagination that it must be, make it be. They at present, comfort us with the expectation, that all danger is over, and though this gives refreshment, it cannot restore quiet to the mind immediately, which hath been terribly wounded in that part of it,

which

which is most sensible, friendship. My concern hath been deeply encreased, by having been confined from him. The many, many hours, that I have spent in gloom and solitude of late, have given my thoughts opportunity to torment themselves. Imagination in absence, can augment every possibility of danger, and by his bad magick, transform every trifle into a monster to terrify; though I know I could have been of no service to him if present, yet not being present, makes me dread lest things are worse than they are represented, or than I should judge them if I saw them; and if wishing to be with a friend in sickness, is not out of kindness to him, it is, at least, ought of a right kind of selfishness. I am uncertain whether you know the little misfortune, which prevents my attending

tending him; about 25 days ago, I was in preposterous activity, skipping across the street to avoid a coach, my foot turned under me, and I fell in the kennell. I found I had hurt myself, but suspected only a strain, but it was discovered at laft, that a little bone was broken, which time and patience alone will foddar, and make me a sound man again; and I am forced, to the mirth of my friends, and my own fatisfaction, to stretch my enormous length of a leg on a couch, and be contented to be a prisoner for six or seven weeks, bound to my good behaviour. The pain I have endured, is not comparable to the fatigue of doing nothing, if I could have been with those I love, it would have been an agreeable confinement, but whilst they are obliged to be at another place, it is terrible to

me

me to be thus from them, but I have not time for complaints. Company hath been so good as to amuse me the greatest part of this day, and scarce left me time to say, I hope soon to have an opportunity of sending you a more agreeable letter, and to assure you, that no one is more sincerely sensible of your goodness to him, than

MADAM,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

L E T-

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

May 11, 1731.

I AM quite ashamed, that I have not sooner thanked you for your kind letters, but—but nothing can be an excuse for it; and, therefore, I will be more modest, than to pretend to justify what I cannot think on myself, without condemnation.

I should be extremely glad, could I have served Mr. TEMPEST, for his brother's sake; but every one you recommend to me, will be ever before all others regarded. But alas! acquaintance

I hav

I have none in town, and there is nothing in *Durham* of that nature, which would be worth his acceptance, had I had the same interest as formerly, to recommend to them, when such were wanted. In town we have no news, but of the various extravagancies of people of pleasure, and an history of such gay follies, will give you no more satisfaction to read, than me to write. Pity is the feeling that good-nature demands, and laughter is the treatment, that those follies, which bring ruin into families, receive. Books, there have been none published of late, that can either amuse or inform you. I go for *Durham* on *Thursday* morning, where I hope to have my friend come to me; but I despair of seeing Mrs. SAYER; the hurry of preparing for my journey takes up my time at present; but as soon as
I come

I come to *Durham*, you shall receive the civility of a much more troublesome correspondence from

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T-

LETTER XXIV.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

Durham, Sept. 24, 1731.

THE joy, with which you received my last false account of my dearest dearest friends being out of danger*, will increase your affliction, at reading the dreadful account, that I must now send to you. He was then, indeed, out of danger; but the blunders or wickedness of a physician, fatally of great reputation in this country, gave him that very night I sent away my letter, an *opiate* which hath killed him.

That dearest dearest creature died on Tuesday last, lamented by all: for he was

* Mr. GEORGE SANDYS.

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the common friend of all, the joy of all that knew him. What will be your affliction ! what is mine ! how dreadful is poor Mrs. SAYERS ! I wish we may be able to carry her alive to *London* ! How can I ask you to pity us, who will equally want it yourself ; for you saw his worth and loved him accordingly. The tender things he said to me, when he feared that his life was endangered, from our sending for so many other physicians, shall never be forgotten by me. I loved nothing like him whilst he lived, and now he is gone, will love others in the proportion he loved them. I knew his sacred friendship for you, and this thought will encrease towards you that, of

Your most obliged,

Obedient humble servant,

T. RUNDLE.

L E T -

LETTER XXV.

To Mrs. SANDY S.

Ashdown-Park, Friday Morning, 1731.

MADAM,

THE servant who brings you this is
the person, to whom the important
trust of conducting the black colony into
Wales is committed; and I could not
suffer any one to go from hence, without
sending you an account of the health of
that family for whom you have the good-
ness to be concerned. I hear that Mrs.
SAYER is by no means worse than when
I left her; that she appears with as much
ease as she hath done since her misfortune,
and tho' not with chearfulness, yet with

N 2 freedom.

freedom. But I confess, I gather but little hope from these fair appearances, because in company with those she loves, her goodness would conceal, with a well-bred deceit, that pain, which she knew would give pain to her company.

This little solitary island, in the midst of a vast verdant ocean, secured from the intrusion of chance company, and the interruption of business, can afford no news to fill a letter. Every one that inhabits it, is gay and happy according to their various ranks and desires. Philosophy, exercise, and cards, hospitality profuse in generosity without luxury, freedom uncontrouled by any thing but voluntary decency and ever-wakeful reason, mirth that seems to neglect thoughtfulness, but shews by its becoming ease and

and gracefulness and insinuating instruction with amiable negligence every moment that it hath used it much in private, as the carriage of a gentleman shews he hath learned to dance, tho' he doth not in company lead up a *minuet* or cut a *caper*, vary our hours and heighten each others pleasures by the perpetual change. All the nine MUSES came hither with Mr. THOMSON, wit and sprightliness with BILLY, and wisdom (tho' she left her solemn state behind her) with the Sollicitor. From this description, you will imagine, that I am very happy, tho' I contribute but little to the entertainment, besides becoming a pleased auditor, which is as essential a character to fill up a society as that of the best performer in any of those delightful acts of diversion above mentioned. But no rap-

ture can ever so engage my thoughts as to make me forget or neglect my friend or lose an opportunity of assuring you, that I am,

MADAM,

With much sincerity,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. R U N D L E.

L E T-

LETTER XXVI.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

Edgcomb, Christmas-Day.

SINCE the disloyal winds will not obey the commands of the monarch of the seas, the Chancellor is prevented from visiting in these holidays his tattered palace at *Barrington**, where the frost and the rain, we hear, have taken pos-

* The ancient manor house at *Great Barrington*, in the county of *Glocester*, was built in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH by REGINALD BRAY, Esq; of whose descendants it was purchased. A view of this house is published in Sir R. ATKINS's History of *Glocestershire*, edit: 1712. engraved by KIP. In 1737 it was rendered uninhabitable by fire, and rebuilt in the modern taste.

“ At Barrington shall England's bounty stand,
“ And Hensol's glory never leave the land.”

POPE.

N 4

session

fection of every room and defy his authority to dislodge them, without pulling their dreary mansion down to the ground. This denies me the opportunity of seeing you this *Christmas*; but it is a fortunate disappointment, which will give you a much greater satisfaction, than you could receive from *abit-chat* with a friend, an opportunity of doing good. But tho' I am deprived of the pleasure of talking with you now, I resolve to make myself full amends before I leave this kingdom, and when the weather is less dangerous for a valetudinarian, I determine to circulate my civilities and visit my friends in *Bath* and *Glocestershire*. Nothing can be more charitable than your present journey. Poor Mrs. SECKER, tho' recovering, wants the cordial of the company and conversation of one who can mingle in it
chearfulness

chearfulness and wisdom, to supply the absence of the Bishop of *Bristol**. I know his necessary return to town must be grievous to her ; but her own good sense and love for his character in life, will make her submit to it with patience, tho' not contentment. All that is in our power, is to resign and act what decency and duty require, but not to stifle our feeling, or extinguish our wishes. And a proper behaviour under the strongest sensibility of the severe necessity, tho' silently uneasy to one's self, is an amiable proof of the rightness of the heart that bears it.

Mrs. TALBOT and my dearest KITTY will be also happy with having you with them, and by the pleasure you will afford them, they will soon forget the loss they

* Dr. SECKER.

have

have received, from the Baths being grown empty of so many friends, that loved and valued them. Mrs. TALBOT herself will, this *post*, tell you how she is, and that all the family in this place are tolerably well. Even the Chancellor's *cold* is much better than we expected, considering with what dreadful violence it seized him and frightened his sons in the beginning of the winter.

The wind is now turned favorable for the King, and we expect that he will be in town to-morrow, to the high joy of all that love him. He hath, they report, been calm in his being detained in a wretched fishing town. And though he could not command the winds, he could do what is much better and more difficult, command his temper ! and hath given all around

around him the comfort and the example of a most heroical patience.

Mrs. TALBOT's mother is in a very dreadful state of health, and wastes and decays daily in strength and flesh. Her physicians say, that they shall not wonder if she goes off in a few days, but see no reason why she may not last some months. If she could continue on till the weather is warm and the year advanced, I believe she will recover: for in people tormented with nervous illnes, no distemper, however frightful, ought to be esteemed mortal, because their recoveries are surprizing and quick as their complaints were shocking and unaccountable. I have no news to send you which can amuse you, and we have no book published, that is important to improve, or is agreeable

able to entertain you. We have great expectation, that this Session of Parliament will be a very quiet and good-natured one. The Court and Ministry will prevent or discountenance and disappoint any attempts against the Clergy, and the suspense of the affairs of EUROPE, will give none the most sanguine of either side opportunities either for praise or blame, and consequently there can be no disputes. People it is true are uneasy, but yet can form no complaints, that they would utter in the House. I long to talk with you ; and shall not be at rest 'till I do so ; I do not think of returning till *June*, before which time you may depend on seeing,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

T. D E R R Y.

L E T-

LETTER XXVII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1730.

I AM much concerned, that the letter, which I sent you at *Bath*, did not come thither time enough, to prevent your leaving it, in expectation of seeing Mrs. TALBOT and myself at *Miserden*.— Because your company to the unhappy family there, must give much greater pleasure, than you could receive from us. And though there is nothing I so much long for, as a few hours free conversation with you, yet I hope I never shall be so selfish, as to desire that you should deny yourself

yourself the greatest satisfaction of your life, doing good ; though it is to bestow on me the truest pleasure I know, the privilege of unburthening my thoughts in all the genuine sincerity and confidence of friendship, to one who is able to correct all my mistakes, advise in the most delicate difficulties, laugh at unreal fears, and chide for indulging improper expectations, which give more uneasiness by peevishness and unnecessary anxiety, than the ills we apprehend could do when they happen. I do not allude to any concerns of my own, in what I have mentioned. Though I am not so vainly self-denying, as to pretend that I am indifferent whether I am restored to my friends, and settled agreeably in my own country ; yet I am resolved not to make my absence doubly disagreeable by repining

pining and fretfulness. I will do all in my power to soften it, by deserving the kindness and regard of my new countrymen, and behave in a manner that shall make those, who contribute to my return, not ashamed of their zeal for me; or my friends here unwilling to receive me, if I shall be ever thought to deserve the favour of being recalled from my splendid banishment*. I have done all in my power, and I will not be unhappy, if others have it not in theirs to gratify my wishes. I know the thousand accidents and rivalries that may prevent their en-

* Dean SWIFT always used this language in his correspondence with his English friends, probably with the same view, that of paying an oblique compliment to those, of whose conversation he was necessarily deprived, rather than a reflection on the country, which certainly deserved well of him.

deavours

deavours for me ; and having already obtained so much more of good fortune than I deserve, I will be easy if all is not granted to me I may desire ; for I have learnt the wise lesson of being contented ; and think there is no virtue and praise in doing so, in my affluence of every bleffing of this world, excepting one, and that indeed is the chief of all, living in the company of thofe, that esteem and gratitude and affection make me prefer beyond all things ; whose value for me is my honour, my merit and my boasting ; and which would be, alone, the highest reward ; all here are in high health ; we were, about a month ſince, not a little alarmed, for the Chancellor, his cold was frightful, and BILLY* quite

* WILLIAM, Earl TALBOT.

outrageous

outrageous in his apprehensions. You know the generous worthy impatience of his excellent heart, when those he loves are concerned. He was at once for his giving up the Seals, and getting rid of the burthen of busines, which he feared endangered the life of the best parent, as well as the best man that ever lived. But fresh air, and three week's exercise have entirely recovered him, and he is now in as good spirits and chearfulness of health, as I have ever remembered him.

Is it not quite disloyal in the winds and the waves to detain the Monarch of the Seas from his longing people, and make him do penance and keep Lent, whilst others are revelling in a carnival? But the perversenes continues, and we can now no more guess when he will be safe

O

at

at St. James's, than we could 30 days ago. His late danger was as great as any man ever was in, that escaped.— The calm courage of Sir C. WAGER preserved him. This adventure will teach any mortal humility, and make all sensible, that patience is a most heroick virtue, and ordained to be of service to a Prince, as well as a plowman. The late attempt to return, which hath lost one Man of War, and shattered many others, will most certainly fill every heart with the intrepidity of being calm and undisturbed in waiting until the West winds cease, and the Sea is complaisant to their wishes. I hope the storms on the waters are not ominous of any at land; for there is a sad spirit kindled in the nation. Never were people so uneasy, though they have not one illegal thing

thing to complain of. But I hope, notwithstanding, there will be a calm and serene season during the Sessions of Parliament.

My friend THOMPSON, the *Poet*, is bringing another untoward Heroine on the stage, and has deferred writing on the subject you chose for him, though he had the whole scheme drawn out into acts and scenes, proper turns of passion and sentiments pointed out to him, and the distress made, as touching and important, as new, and interesting, and regular as any, that was ever introduced on the stage at *Athens*, for the instruction of that polite nation. But, perhaps, the delicacy of the subject, and the judgment required in saying bold truths, whose boldness should not make them degene-

rate into offensiveness, deterred him.— His present story is the death of AGAMEMNON *. An adulteress, who murders her husband, is but an odd example to be presented before, and admonish the beauties of *Great Britain*. However if he will be advised, it shall not be a shocking, though it cannot be a noble story. He will enrich it with a profusion of worthy sentiments, and high poetry, but it will be written in a rough, harsh style, and in numbers great, but careless. He wants that neatness and simplicity of diction, which is so natural in dialogue. He cannot throw the light of an elegant ease on his thoughts, which will make the sublimest turns of art appear the

* A Tragedy by THOMSON, acted at Drury Lane, 1738.

genuine

genuine unpremeditated dictates of the heart of the speaker. But with all his faults, he will have a thousand masterly strokes of a great genius seen in all he writes. And he will be applauded by those, who most censure him.

My design is this ; after *Easter*, I will get on horseback, and ramble to *Bath*, and spend a few days with the unhappy. Thence come to you, and stay with you until JACK* shall fetch me to *Barrington*. This is my wife intention, but whether I shall have courage to attempt so heroical an enterprize, or throw myself into a chariot, time alone can determine.

* The Honourable JOHN TALBOT, third son of the Chancellor, afterwards a Welch Judge. He died Sept. 23, 1756.

I see what is right; but, like other weak mortals, fear I shall not be able to accomplish my discreet resolutions,

My humble service to your neighbours.

When I began my letter, I imagined I had nothing to say, fit to be intrusted to so frail a protection, as a little sealing wax; but I find when one is in company with a person we value, the difficulty is not to find what to say, but when to give over; but though my pen hath no prudence and moderation, my paper obliges me to be no longer troublesome, but subscribe myself,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

T. DERRY.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

Ob, MADAM!

Feb. 15, 1736-37.

THE Chancellor, the best man that ever breathed, the best judge, the best father, the best friend, is dead!*—What, in his Providence, doth the ALMIGHTY design to do in merited severity to punish this nation, by removing from it the person, whose wisdom and goodness united, was able and desirous to save

* CHARLES TALBOT, Lord High Chancellor of England, died Feb. 14, 1736-37, universally lamented. He was allowed by all parties to have possessed the eloquence of CICERO, and the integrity of CATO. THOMPSON published a Poem to his memory, replete with gratitude, and a very elegant delineation of his patron's character.

it, to make it honest and happy! I dread to consider and foresee! What hath the public lost! What hath his dear deserving family! What have I! What have I not lost! I have lost him, whose friendship to me was the only merit to which I pretended, and my highest and truest reward. He died yesterday morning. His illness was an inflammation on his lungs. He continued only from *Thursday*, 'till *Monday* five in the morning. The Physicians say, to comfort us, and excuse themselves, or rather their ignorance, that he was worn out in the service of his country, and could not have lasted any time, had not this cold carried him off. He was but 51; he might have blest, and done good to his country, 30 years longer. But GOD ALMIGHTY knows what is best for him, and properst for us. May he, in his

anger

anger, remember mercy! All parties unite to call him the best and greatest man that ever lived. The whole town, from the Court to the city, are under the deepest astonishment, and shew in their countenance, that the nation is under some dreadful and public calamity. Great as he was allowed to be in his public character, you know he was more amiable, more delightful in his domestic behaviour. Was there ever any so reasonably beloved as himself, by all, from the highest to the lowest, in his family? Did his children ever enjoy more ease, more clearfulness, more sprightly innocence, and entertaining instructive unbendings to mirth, than in his conversation and laughter? Oh Madam! What a series of disappointments is life! I came over to enjoy the company of the best friend that ever lived; I saw him, had daily

daily new reasons to love and admire him, received daily new obligations, and lost him for ever ! I hoped by enjoying his wisdom and virtue for a few months, to have returned, with spirit and supported absence from him, by the reflection of my having been with him, and might be with him again. Farewell, all hope that my splendid banishment from my native country shall ever have an end. I must now withdraw, and sigh out my few remaining years in solitude, amidst strange company, since every place that I am hereafter to inhabit, will be empty of all, with whom I have contracted the sacred ties of friendship !— My poor dear BILLY ! What doth he suffer ! You have seen him in agonies of fear, lest he should lose what he loves. He now hath lost what he loves above all things upon earth united ; and what deserved

deserved his highest, his unexampled affection ; poor dear youth ! I rejoice that I was in *England*, when this fatal accident happened ; if I can be of any consolation, any comfort, to that ever beloved youth !

In the six last years, how many friends have you and I lost in one family ? And such friends, as the world cannot parallel ! The Bishop of DURHAM, and Dr. SAYER, Mrs. SAYER, and her brother, and his son ! Had the poor Bishop lived, as he might from age, how miserable would this day have made him ! They are happy ; let us imitate them, and we shall be so too. We shall meet them again, and enjoy a friendship no more to be separated, and clouded with tears, if we deserve it. We shall enjoy their friendship again, if we deserve it, or be admitted to a degree of happiness,

to

to which even their company (how inconceivable must that degree of happiness be !) to which their company can be no addition !

You, Madam, will share our affliction severely, yet it is impossible to conceal it from you ; and, therefore, I thought it better you should hear it from me, than from common report ; because the letter, which brings you word that you have lost one friend that loved you, will remind you, that there are others, which do so too, whilst there is a TALBOT left in this nation, or I am alive to subscribe my self

Your affectionate friend,

T. D E R R Y.

L E T-

LETTER XXIX.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

Feb. 22, 1736-37.

WHEN I wrote to you last, I was under such amazement, and agony of concern, that I do not know what wild and improper things I might say to you; but be they ever so indiscreet and unbecoming my age and station, yet you will not only excuse, but be pleased with the sincere overflowings of an heart, torn by the justest sorrow, before it had leisure to recollect and compose itself to a more decent and religious expression of what it felt. In no moment of my life shall I be less sensible of his loss than at present;

present ; but though it is impossible to be unmoved at the reflection, that we have been deprived of the noblest happiness, which Providence had bestowed on us ; yet often meditating on his unequalled virtues, will change grief into veneration, and raise and consecrate the pious melancholy into a solemn enjoyment, to be preferred to pleasure. All parties in their public papers, are striving which shall profess the highest esteem and honour for him ; and mention his behaviour in his great office, with the warmest gratitude and applause. These praises which prove the greatness of our misfortune, bring, at the same time, a consolation with them ; it gives me a lovely view of mankind, to observe, that they all can drop their prejudices, and unite to reverence a truly great and amiable character.

Nothing

Nothing is universally popular but goodness! And every action of his life, in public or private, towards his friends or his enemies, flowed from that divine principle, in which alone we can obey that sublime precept of our LORD (the sublimest that can be given to men or Angels) *Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.* Did I name his enemies, he had none; he hated none but ill men, nay even for them, he felt not hatred, but pity. The virtues, which mankind, in spite of their partialities and weakness, revere, and desire should be everlastingly rewarded, must be infinitely pleasing to the Father of Mercies.— What men wish, he can bestow: and make those virtues live again for ever, which (the voice of human nature cries aloud) deserves never to die. It was
the

the love for such benevolent characters, which first dictated to every nation the belief of the immortality of the soul.— The learned expressed this affection by arguments, to prove the truth of this hope, which such worthiness had lighted up in their hearts. But the ignorant uttered the genuine sentiments of their nature, by worshipping these benefactors of mankind, as soon as they withdrew from the earth. They judged, that their goodness would secure them an interest in the Governor of the World, and recommend them to his love. What he loves, he will reward, in the manner, which will make them most happy.— Enjoying the desire of the heart, is the sincerest felicity. The desire of their souls was always to make others virtuous and prosperous. New abilities to serve those

those above, whom they delighted to bless when below, they imagined, therefore, the only suitable and acceptable reward to such generous natures. Hence they concluded them appointed guardians over their kindred people, and from lamenting, were, by an enthusiasm of gratitude, misled to worship them. A love of merit, thus betrayed them into error and superstition, but methinks virtue herself will plead and obtain pardon for such idolators. It hath been observed that the world have seldom done justice to characters, till after men have been some time dead, but it hath not been so now. He was dear to his Prince and the people, whilst he lived; and equally mourned by both, as soon as he is dead. He was trusted by the Prince, as his most faithful and zealous servant; and regard-

ed by the jealous nation, as the warmest and most intrepid lover of their liberties; each thought their rights secure in his hands. To be a popular Minister of State, is a felicity scarcely before exampled. But though scarcely before exampled, nothing seems more easy to any person, who hath his abilities, and will imitate his integrity.

You knew the Chancellor, and loved him as well as I have done; but had I been writing to a stranger, I would have soothed my concern, by transcribing a sketch of his life; I could repeat almost every action, from his childhood to his death; and shew that he was uniform in his progress to virtue, and never once deviated from the severest of her precepts, severe in the judgment of the many,

ny, but to him an uninterrupted source of chearfulness and tranquility. I could mention such instances of filial piety, as would be hardly believed by others, but known to be true by you. How amiable an husband, how tender and generous a parent. His sons have often said, he never refused either of them any thing in his life ; but that is their own, as well as his praise. He lived with them as a brother and a friend, and familiarized his wisdom into chit-chat, and instructed them more effectually by common conversation, than others could do by solemn precepts.

The nation, by their common sorrow, shew what a Judge and Statesman they have lost. My name will be ever a proof to posterity, how warm and intrepid a

friend he could be to one he thought fit to honour and reward with that dear and voluntary relation to him. His distrest and melancholy family shew what a master he was to them all. In all these various relations, he was superiorto any person, whom I ever knew or read of.

The day before he died, he said to his son JACK, " it is indifferent and equal
" as to myself, whether I die now, or
" seven years hence, but it will not be
" the same to you ; for the sake of my
" children, I could be pleased to remain
" longer with them ;"— the night he died, his servants offered him a medicine,
" It is in vain, he answered, death can-
" not be resisted, GOD's will be done,
" I am satisfied ;"—he immediately fell into a calm sleep, continued three hours in it, then awaked, looked round him,

a few moments, and died without the least struggle or pain. His distemper was an inflammation on his lungs; the natural cure of it is large bleeding, but on taking from him only eight ounces, he sunk so uncommonly much, that the Doctor dared not proceed. On opening him, a large *Polypus* was found in his heart. From thence, probably, proceeded his not being able to lose blood. A *Polypus*, say Physicians, is the effect of care and intenseness of thought: if that is so, no man ever did more to cause it. He sacrificed his life for the good of others: and who will not envy a death so glorious! He lived enough to make himself beloved whilst living, and revered and lamented by good men of every party and denomination, now he is gone. He lived to perfect his tem-

per to a love of goodness, and adorn it with every Christian, as well as natural grace, that can make virtue either divine or amiable ! He lived to obtain the best fame ; he lived enough for himself, but not enough for his friends and his country.

I am, MADAM,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

T. D E R R Y.

L E T -

LETTER XXX.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

February 16, 1736.

I HAD written the inclosed, before I had received your's, and have only time to say, the family are as well as can be expected, tho' not as well as you wish them. Tho' it is eleven o'clock, the House of Commons are not yet up*. The debate

* The subject of this very important debate was the settling of 100,000l. per ann. upon the Prince of Wales, and a jointure on the Princess. A particular narrative of this transaction is given as an appendix to Lord MELCOMBE's Diary. Mr. PULTENEY, afterwards Earl of Bath, made the motion in the House of Commons, "observing, that a settlement of this

debate is, whether they shall address the King to augment the allowance of the Prince. The town was never in such expectations as of the event of this most important proposal. It is judged, that he will be still left to the discretion and kindness of his father, without the Parliament's thinking they have a right to interpose. The Queen is most deeply afflicted. It exposes them both to the laughter and censure of all *Europe*. Their enemies will remember the admonitory words of

nature was reasonable and necessary, to ascertain the independence of the Heir Apparent." It was seconded by Sir J. BARNARD; the message and answer were produced by Sir R. WALPOLE. The House divided between twelve and one o'clock. The numbers were for the King 234, for the Prince 204. On Friday the 25th of February the same motion was made in the upper House by Lord CARTERET, and seconded by Lord GOWER, but finally rejected.

our

our **LORD**, of *a house divided against itself*, and be perhaps dreadfully encouraged to follow the observation, and try to verify it by fresh examples. Good men, who love the family and protestantism which depends on the safety of it, are under the deepest concern, and apprehend the consequences which side soever prevails. God forgive the advisers of this measure. I believe the King's friends will carry it, tho' perhaps with no great majority; but the Prince's people boast much of their numbers. But I fancy they will be disappointed, when they come to push. For people will not fly, without necessity, in the face of a King; and the interested remember the salutary proverb of *a bird in the hand*, which nurses carefully teach all of us when children. And who forgets the philosophy of his nursery?

L E T-

LETTER XXXI.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

March 15, 1736-37.

I KNOW not to what my promise of waiting may come, because I have little reason to expect that a power of performing it will long be in me. I am seized again with my *disorder* most violently; how that will end, God only knows, and what he thinks most proper, will be most acceptable to me. Life is, and ought now to be, indifferent to me; I am a guest that have been nobly entertained; when the feast is over I will rise satisfied, and thank the great master for his generosity. I have lived to see the best

best friend in the world die before me ;
and am of no service any longer in the
world. The ruffle which my concern hath
given me, has relaxed and dissolved my
whole frame, and turned the humours a-
gain from a more painful into a more dan-
gerous channel. But I submit, be the con-
sequence what it will, to the disposal of him
who is equally good and wise.

Lord T ALBOT is well, may God preserve
him so ; there is not a more amiable or
worthy man living ; may his happiness
be equal to his merit ; my fondness for
him desires no more. When I am dead,
he will not want me ; my loss added to
what he hath already, dear youth, sus-
tained, will be as a drop thrown into the
ocean. Oh ! that it was in my power to
make him as happy as I wish him, and
then

then nothing in life should ever give him one moment's uneasiness ! The whole family is well also. Lady TALBOT hath an excellent understanding *, and a more sprightly entertaining wit, capable of making a considerable figure in public life, and giving chearfulness, familiarized into easy chit-chat, to retirement and the speculations, round an evening's table.

JACK will soon enter into his profession, and I question not, succeed in it by his abilities, industry and virtues, though he is not nourished and sheltered, and

* This lady was the daughter and sole heir of ADAM DE CARDONNEL, secretary at war, in the reign of Queen ANNE. She was married in February 1733-34, at the age of 15. She resided at Barrington 'till her death, in 1784. A very elegant monument by NOLLEKINS, is lately erected to her memory in the church of that parish.

encouraged

encouraged, by the example and instruction and recommendation of his great father. GEORGE* will steal into every one's esteem in a more silent way, will be beloved rather than shine with the eclat of noisy applause. He will spend this life in doing good in the most amiable, not the most shewish way ; he will have the dignity and generosity and character of his grandfather, secured from that only overflowing of his good qualities, which one wished, had been prevented, to make him the most engaging of all characters. I love them all. I cannot flatter them to their faces ; but I love to praise them. If I speak fondly with esteem of them even to their faces, it is only to warm them to be what I say ; and shew

* GEORGE TALBOT, D. D. vicar of *Guiting*, in *Glocestershire*.

them

then nothing in life should ever give him one moment's uneasiness ! The whole family is well also. Lady TALBOT hath an excellent understanding *, and a more sprightly entertaining wit, capable of making a considerable figure in public life, and giving chearfulness, familiarized into easy chit-chat, to retirement and the speculations, round an evening's table.

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* GEORGE TALBOT, D. D. vicar of *Guiting*, in *Gloucestershire*.

them

them the virtues which are blossoming in their hearts, that must be ripened by their own care. Public news I do not attend to ; I am weaned from my concern in the tumults, and ambitions and scramble of life. If I do well you will see me ; If I die you will remember me. Among the many who have highly valued you, none have done so more than myself, because none knew you better ; and it will be always your singular advantage to improve on your acquaintance, and grow daily more beloved, by a nearer intimacy. If in any of those you love, you see any thing you wish otherwise, you will have the friendly freedom and courage that becomes virtue and independence, to say it with spirit and dexterity ; and even venture to offend, to serve those you love. Without it, friendship is but

flattery

flattery and treachery ; with it, deservedly honoured with that divine character of being the medicine of life. This hint you will treasure up unmentioned, 'till you shall find you have an occasion to use it. Believe me, MADAM,

Your's most sincerely,

Most affectionately,

T. D E R R Y.

L E T-

LETTER XXXII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

April 9, 1737.

I WOULD not answer your kind letter, 'till I could give you an assurance that my *disorder* is stopt by bark, &c. but tho' I am relieved from this threatening illness, I cannot boast that I am a sound man again. My health resembles very much the season, one hour is sunshine, in the next, clouds deform the sky and all is ruffled and blustering. But I am and ought to be contented. My life is not of general importance to a whole nation, as was that of my friend.

His

His resembled the sun, which warms and enlightens half the earth at once ; mine perhaps may be compared to a lamp, which serves to disperse the gloom of a single room ; but when it is broken and extinguished another will immediately supply its place, and the loss be of no consequence ; but even this comparison, I feel, is vanity, and carries with it more praise than I can claim. I purpose to see you next month, tho' my friends will not be at *Barrington* 'till I am in *Ireland*, I will not leave this country without seeing one I most value in it. According to custom I must give you trouble and employ you. Could you get me a dozen of *Cirencester* cheeses, such as I once had ; and order them to be sent to a trusty person in *Bristol*, who should see them safe on board a *Dublin* ship, and directed for me. If of

Q

last

last year's making, and fit to eat, the better. I will desire also, that some of this season may be secured for me for another. Most of them will be dispersed in presents among those to whom I want to make little acknowledgements for great favours. I want black cloth enough to make two gowns and cassocks, the finest that can be procured, but not the thinness; if you have a weaver that will deal honestly, direct him to send me 17 yards of his best.

Lord and Lady TALBOT are well, and so is their girl; she is a delightful child,*
and

* CECIL DE CARDONELL Baroneſſe DINEVOR now living, ſucceeded her father WILLIAM Earl TALBOT, who was created Baron DINEVOR by Patent October 17, 1780, with remainder to her and her heirs.

and promises to have as much beauty and good temper as ever met together. But the first is a flower that may be blasted and spared ; the other alone is sufficient to, and can alone make life happy.

Mrs. SECKER is most astonishingly cured. I rejoice in it ; the Bishop was compelled to exchange *Bristol* for *Oxford* by his friends, to serve the brother of his friend the Bishop of *Salisbury*. It is of no great advantage and therefore not eligible. But it is always eligible to oblige those who can return the favour. I hope you enjoy the spring in the country, as much as we do in *London*, where it seems to give new life to every thing, in spite of

heirs. She was married in 1756 to GEORGE RICE, Esq; Knight of the shire for the county of *Carmarthen*, who died in 1779.

the dust that choaks its favours to us. I will get out of it as soon as I can, and come to partake of its freshness with you on your mountain. My friend JACK seems inclined to lay out his fortune near you also, and fix the whole family in *Glo-*
cestershire. I saw your good Bishop * yesterday, who is well, and speaks of you with an esteem and affection, which will doubly endear him to,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. D E R R Y.

* Dr. MARTIN BENSON.

" Learning with candor are to BENSON given."

POPE *Dial.* 2. line 73.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM;

May 21, 1737.

I should not forgive myself if I concealed from you any good fortune, which had happened, to any one of the TALBOT family. Lady DECKER talking with me of the dear youth's belonging to it, dropped, as if undesignedly, that she should think a daughter of hers happy, if disposed of to a young gentleman of such worth and merit; tho' with a younger brother's fortune at present, rather than to a person born to an estate, and educated as gentlemen generally now are, in all the fashionable arts of spending it. I observed but seemed to disregard the

kind intimation, talked with my friend, who knew the good sense and most amiable tempers and right education of the young ladies, who are praised by all people; and he owned that such a match would make him happy. I immediately went to the lady, came to an explication with her, she introduced me to Sir MATTHEW; he at once told me, that his desire was to dispose of his daughters in a way to make them happy; that he loved the Chancellor, and his family for his sake. He had heard of the merit of Mr. JOHN TALBOT from me, and others, and would give which daughter he chose, with ten thousand pounds down without settlements, and a promise of a third of all he was worth, when he and his wife were dead; and consented to allow him, for the first five years, four hundred per an-

num

num also, to assist them in their way of living 'till he was got into busines. The next day JACK saw the ladies, chose the second, * and they will be married next *Monday*. Nothing was ever carried on with greater opennes and generosity. Tho' I am in a great hurry as you will imagine, having just married LEONIDAS† also to the handsomest woman in *England*, worth all the nine Muses, yet I could not omit giving you the satisfaction of knowing what I am sure will give you pleasure,

I am, MADAM,

Your's most sincerely,

T. D E R R Y.

* HENRIETTA MARIA, second daughter of Sir MATTHEW DECKER, Bart. she died without issue in September, 1747.

† Mr. GLOVER was married to Miss NUNN 21st May 1737.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Mrs. SANDYS.

MADAM,

1737.

I HAD at last determined to set out in my road to *Chester*, and visit my friends at *Bath* and yourself in my way. I determined to have begun this peregrination, on the 7th or 8th of *June*, when I was alarmed with a report from *Ireland*, that, unless I would come sooner, I could not have the yacht at all. It was to go immediately to *Portsmouth* and be almost rebuilt and fitted against the Lord Lieutenant was to go in it, over to his delegated dominions. This hath alarmed me, and I have sent to intercede, that it

may

may defer its journey only one fortnight longer than it intended, and I will perform my journey as I intended, tho' I may set out a little earlier to see you ; but if it is inexorable I shall have time to do nothing I desire, but must hurry away in the directest road, without paying any of those duties to my friends which I ought. But I hope better things. I should be glad to receive the cloth as soon as possible, that the gowns may be made in *England*. It will not be quite decent to carry it with me in its native form, but will seem to upbraid the country with being unable to supply me. It cannot indeed so well, but I will not tell them so. I write this in a hurry. In my next I will acquaint you with my fate ; and what day I shall be so happy as to see you, if I can be permitted to be so happy.

Believe

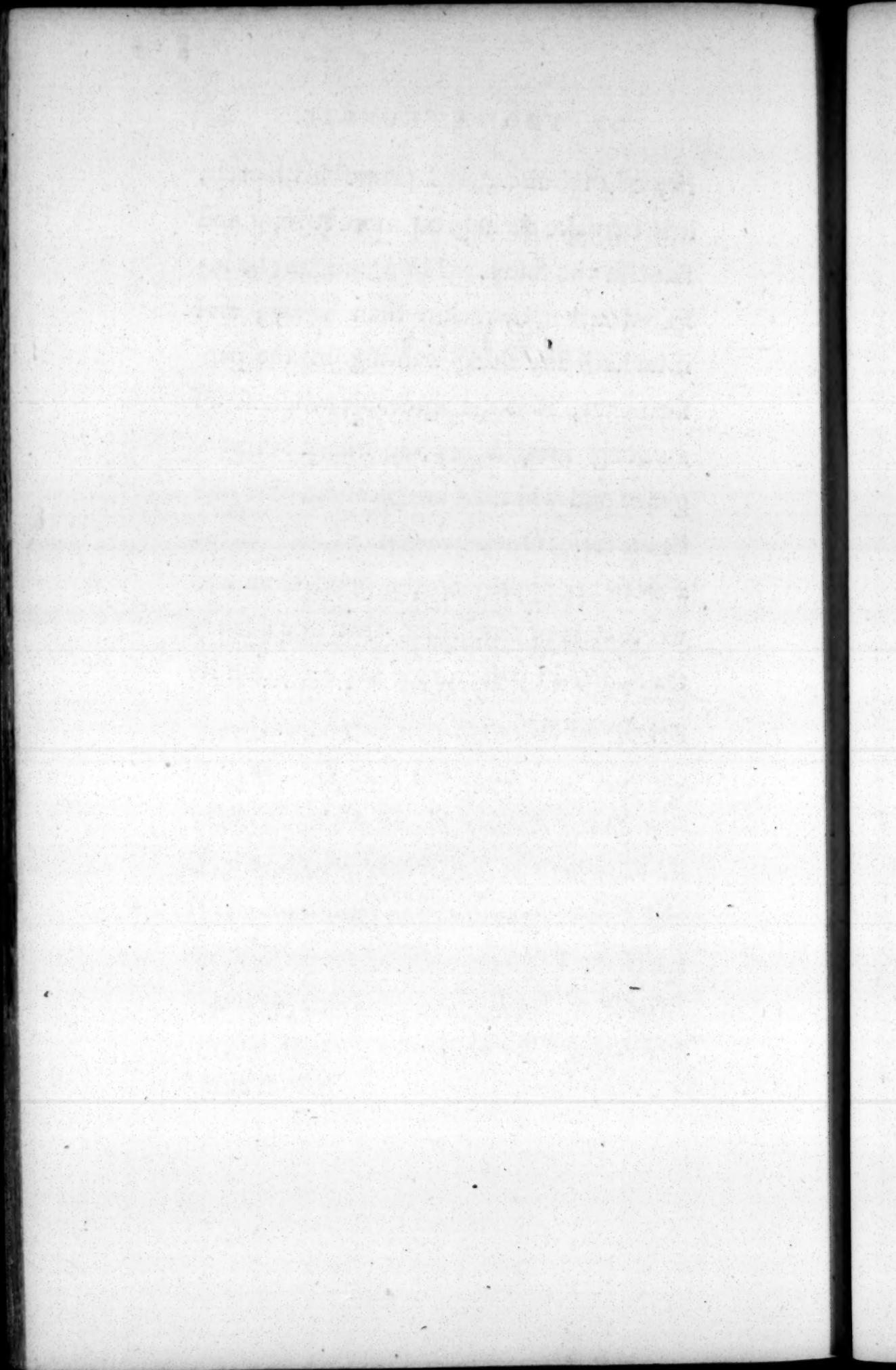
Believe me, Madam, to be with the
highest esteem,

Your's affectionately,

T. D E R R Y.

P. S. LEONIDAS I will bring with me,
It will amuse and please you. It is a better
poem than any man ever published before
he was five and twenty, which the author
is not yet; those who compare it with
and prefer it to HOMER and MILTON in-
jure it. It deserves very high commen-
dations, but such extravagant ones pro-
voke others to be as excessive in its dis-
praise. It hath errors, and I have ven-
tured to mention some to the author;
but I should not do so, if I did not think
him a genius, that could improve by ad-
monition, and deserve the friendly seve-
rity

rity of a rebuke. If I prune his laurels, it is to make them grow more regular and flourish the faster. He seems to be inspired rather by reason than fancy ; and if he hath any thing wanting in the performance, it is the agreeable wildness of a young imagination, in whom extravagance and whimsies are pleasing, because beautiful. One's judgement and virtue are oftener approving the good-sense and worthiness of sentiment, than one's fancy transported by the magic of poetry and its gay creation,



A P P E N D I X.

L E T T E R I.

WILLIAM (*afterwards Earl*) TALBOT
to Sir JOHN DUTTON.

DEAR SIR,

Barrington, 1734.

AFTER having troubled you with two very long letters, upon a disagreeable affair, it gives me much concern that I am necessitated to use my pen a third time upon the same subject. You tell me, *this is the first opportunity I have ever had of shewing I would act as a Whig in Gloucestershire, and that I placed such confidence in you as to act in concert with you, which you had some reason to flatter yourself I should do, having more than once given you such hopes.* By giving my interest to Mr.

STE-

STEPHENS*, the first part of your paragraph is answered ; as for placing a confidence in you, I declare there is no man in whom I would sooner confide ; but an implicit faith is inconsistent with my principles, and contrary to my nature. I was taught very early in life to think for my self. The lesson suited my temper ; I soon learnt it ; I will for ever retain it ; my opinion never yet hath been sacrificed, nor ever shall be ; the compliment is too great for any man now living to expect, too mean for me to pay. If by giving

* JOHN STEPHENS, of *Lypiate*, Esq; at the election in 1734, was a candidate for the representation of the county of *Glocester* without success. His competitors were the Hon. BENJAMIN BATHURST and THOMAS CHESTER, Esq. He was joined by the Hon. HENRY BERKELEY, who declined the poll. It is much to Mr. STEPHENS's honour, that he had more single suffrages than perhaps have been since given for any candidate. He died in 1778, the last of a very respectable family.

you

you hopes of acting with you, any fort
of promise that I would support whoever
you should think proper to nominate as a
candidate, is meant; I cannot possibly
recollect the least foundation for such a
suggestion; but if you only by that
mean, that in conversing upon *Election*
affairs, I expressed my wishes for a con-
stant agreement between the Houses of
Sherborne and *Barrington*, I acknowledge
it always was my desire that the most
perfect friendship might subsist between
the two families; and I therefore hoped,
no difference of opinion might arise, by
which the least degree of coolness might
be occasioned. In your next paragraph,
you seem to imagine, your not having
communicated your scheme to me before
your negotiations at *Glocester* were con-
cluded, may be the cause of my disinclini-
nation to your candidate. It is too true,

when

when I am convinced I have been ill-treated, my temper is warm and determined; but in that case I never scruple to declare the motives to a resentment I scorn to dissemble; on the other hand, the fortunate partiality that reconciles us to ourselves, by throwing shade on our faults, and light upon our best qualities, flatters me that I could scarcely be so ready to take umbrage at the conduct of one of my dearest friends, as to be offended, that a scheme which arose from accidental events, and was necessarily to be executed, within the same hour in which it was contrived, was not transmitted four-score miles for my approbation, by which delay of time possibly the whole project might have been defeated. You are pleased to say, *Mr. TRACEY's*

has been an ancient Whig family; that nobody

*body doubts his being so ; that the Gentleman
I seem to prefer to him, is of a Tory family,
and has, as you are credibly informed, pro-
mised to act as a Tory, if he be chosen. I wish
the nominal distinction of Whig and
Tory was abolished, as the words only,
not the sense remain ; a Ministerial Whig
and a State Tory, when in power, are
so exactly alike in their conduct, that my
discernment is not sufficient to distinguish
one from the other. The principles of a
real Whig, in my sense of the term, are
these, That government is an original
compact between the governors and go-
verned, instituted for the good of the
whole community ; that in a limited mo-
narchy, or more properly regal com-
monwealth, the majesty is in the people,
and tho' the person on the throne is supe-
rior to any individual, he is the servant of*

R

the

the nation;—that the only title to the crown is the election of the people; that the laws are equally obligatory to the Prince and people; that as the constitution of *England* is formed of three legislative branches, the balance between each must be preserved, to prevent the destruction of the whole; that elections ought to be free, the elected independent;—that a Parliamentary influence by places and pensions is inconsistent with the interest of the public; and that a Minister who endeavours to govern by corruption, is guilty of the vilest attempt to subvert the Constitution;—that a standing mercenary army, in time of peace, is contrary to the laws, dangerous to the liberties, and oppressive to the subjects of *Great-Britain*;—that our prosperity depends on trade, which it is our interest
to

to encourage, our duty to protect ;—that our colonies are the foundation of a very beneficial commerce ; that honour, justice, and policy oblige us to defend them ; that our navigation is not to be interrupted, or our merchants plundered with impunity to those who insult us ;—that all unappropriated subsidies and votes of confidence are dangerous precedents, and always to be opposed ; unless so apparent exigencies of affairs evidently and absolutely require such extraordinary and unconstitutional measures ;—that the freedom of the press is the bulwark of religious and civil liberty ;—that as religion is of the utmost importance to every man, no person ought to suffer civil hardships for his religious persuasion, unless the tenets of his religion lead him to endeavour at the subversion of the establishment in

Church or State. The Tory sentiments, when that faction prevails, are quite reverse: for with them the Prince is above all law, Parliaments ought to be independent, the freedom of the press restrained, a standing army is necessary for the dignity of the crown, and the security of domestic tranquillity. They wisely maintain, that liberty occasions licentiousness; that freedom of thought and debate creates heresy in the Church and dissention in the State; that whatever reflects upon the character of a man in power is a libel; that even the public spirited sentiments of a patriot, delivered on the *Stage* in the character of a **BRUTUS**, or a **CATO**, may be injurious to the peace of the nation; and villainy made odious by the representation of a **SEJANUS** or a **BUCKINGHAM**, may by popular malignity

nity be interpreted to reproach those at the helm of affairs with the like dispositions ; that therefore the *Stage* ought to be under the immediate directions of a Court Officer.—I have only mentioned the difference of their State opinions—Their ecclesiastical positions are not to my present purpose ; what I intend to infer from this long tedious narrative of party maxims is, that if by Mr. TRACEY's being a Whig, you mean that he hath invariably voted with the Minister, and by Mr. BERKELEY's promise to act as a Tory, that he will as indiscriminately oppose the measures of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, should things continue to proceed as they have gone of late, in my opinion the two candidates may justly change their nominal distinction, however they may each mistake the name of the party to

which their actions properly belong. You take notice that Mr. HOWE and Mr. MORGAN have also differed with me, upon some of the same points as Mr. TRACEY, and yet I would have served the one in *Glocestershire*, and would certainly, if I had any interest in *Monmouthshire*, zealously espouse the cause of the other: I must acknowledge, if Mr. Howe had stood, I would have served him to the utmost of my power, and it is also true, that if TOMMY MORGAN wanted my assistance in any election upon his own account, I would act with as much warmth, to promote his success, as if upon his being elected my honour and my fortune depended; but I at the same time confess, that in these two instances personal friendship and particular obligations make gratitude and private

affection

affection prevail over the rigour of my public sentiments. I am indebted to Mr. HOWE for many civilities; he also as guardian to Lord BROOK, unsolicited, supported me when a candidate for Glamorganshire; and to Mr. MORGAN I owe more obligations than to almost any man; two great ones of the election sort, my brother's seat for Brecknock, and that I once had, for the county of Glamorgan; but I am so far from approving the Parliamentary conduct of either of them, that tho' there is no degree of friendship that I would not shew to each of them in person, I would not comply with their joint request, to espouse the cause of almost any other ministerial adherent; for believe me, what I have refused to Sir JOHN DUTTON, I would not grant to any other man.—You desire *That if I will not be*

*for Mr. TRACEY, I would declare for Mr. STEPHENS only, and permit you to engage my people for Mr. TRACEY ; I must own it was not my intention to have explained myself as yet, whether I would give my interest to any person, but Mr. STEPHENS, as many unforeseen accidents may happen between this and the next election ; but as I cannot comply with the latter part of your request, allowing my tenants to vote for Mr. TRACEY in any manner ; I will not refuse the first part, but will promise you that I will be *solely* for Mr. STEPHENS ; and that I may by no means interfere with your interest, I will engage no votes but those of my own tenants and dependants, and those who offer themselves unsolicited to be directed by me. As at the conclusion of your letter,*

letter, you were so obliging as to say, that if in it you had dropped any expression, that might appear too strong, you hoped, I would believe it did not arise from want of affection or respect, but from the fullness of your heart only. I must beg you, dear Sir, to put the same construction upon what I have written: for I do assure you, I should esteem it a very great misfortune, if, by any accident, the least diminution should be occasioned, of the friendship which hath hitherto subsisted between us; it is what I have earnestly desired to cultivate; it is what I sincerely wish if possible may continually increase: for amongst the number of your friends, I flatter myself, it would be very difficult for you to find a single person who regards you with a

more

more cordial affection than him who now
subscribes himself with the highest respect
and unalterable esteem,

Dear SIR,

Your most obedient, obliged,

and faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM TALBOT.

L E T -

LETTER II.

* From Miss TALBOT to a new born child, daughter of Mr. J. T. son of the Lord Chancellor.

YOU are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world ; long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of *Derry*, can already imagine in you, and in the mean time may you have a nurse with a tuneable voice, that may

* This letter has been before printed in the
“Edinburgh Miscellany.”

may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear ! in a very philosophical disposition ; the gaieties and follies of life have no attraction for you, its sorrows you kindly commiserate ; but however do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendor. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress ; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of *Bristol's* * first rule of conversation, *Silence* ; though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects round you. As you advance further in life, this philosophical temper will by degrees wear off:

the

* " SECKER is decent." POPE, ut sup.

the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration, as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to shew great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you ; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mama, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities ; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so intirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter and affectation, which so many charitable

poets

poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex: Oh! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you with a pious care, to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother come to put your nose out of joint? There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute (tho' it has occasioned abundance) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised; but the men unenvied shine in public; it is we must make their homes delightful to them, and if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but as I dare say you have the greatest interest

terest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your Mamma are well; in the mean time I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely, and that I am, my very young correspondent, most affectionately your's

CATHERINE TALBOT.

F I N I S.



